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45. 841.







SEASONS  
OF  
SORROW :

ORIGINAL POEMS.

BY JOHN PRING.



" Say, from Affliction's various source,  
Do none but turbid waters flow ?  
And cannot Fancy clear their course ?  
For Fancy is the friend of woe."

MASON.

LONDON :  
MESSRS. HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO. AND  
HOULSTON AND STONEMAN.  
STOURBRIDGE : THOMAS MELLARD.

1845.



## DEDICATION.

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TO

ANDREW F. EDWARDS, Esq., M. R. C. S.

Honoured and dear Sir,

At a period of my life when affliction had embittered existence; when my physical energies were prostrate from protracted suffering; when various remedial expedients had been tried without beneficial results; when society had lost its charm—life its attractions; and death, from the influence of those principles which are divine, its terror; the grave its gloom; and eternity its awe; it was my happiness to become acquainted with you. From your generous sympathy I found relief; from your intelligent conversation I obtained information; and from your benevolence, distinguished ability, and professional skill I received those benefits to my wasted health and impaired constitution, for which life alone can measure the duration of that gratitude it is a luxury to feel, and a privilege to cherish.

In soliciting permission to dedicate the following pages to you, I felt confident that if my request were granted, I should have the peculiar felicity of placing this first effort of



my pen, in the hands of a gentleman whose talented and highly gifted mind—extensive acquaintance with literature and life; refined taste, and sound erudition would induce him to be considerate in criticism, sparing in his censure, liberal in his suggestions, and impartial in his decision on the merits or demerits of the work.

The circumstances under which my poems were written, you must allow to plead apologetically for their numerous defects. Other “sons of song,” on their way to Parnassus, have paused to pencil their impressions, where inspiration was inevitable, and all things bade the tremulous lyre breathe.—Pensive on the cloud-clad mountain’s top; lingering on the heath-covered hill; strolling in carelessness along the flowery vale; waiting where the streamlet sighs, and the silver river rolls its undulating flood; walking when the dew drops of morning glittered on their path; feeling the lucent sun-beam shed its genial warmth; where the rose exhales its odours—the garden its perfumes—the vernal breeze its fragrance; when the air was sweetness, and the skies serene, they swept their harps in rapture, and mantled their odes in that wreath of magic beauty by which the admirers of poesy are pleased. They were justly rewarded with the plaudits of fame. But ah! no such means of excitement were accessible to the youthful author of “Seasons of Sorrow:” when his pages were composed, solitude and suffering; langour and weariness; days without enjoyment, and nights without rest; the patient’s unpalatable potion; and the captive’s unenviable fetters; the fires of fever; and the exhaustion of debility; disap-

pointment and perplexity; neglect and despair; together made up the stimulants to genius, and the impulse to exertion with which he was surrounded.

But, dear Sir, that period is past; I have troubled you with its history as the best proem to poetry, imperfect and unworthy of the patronage so graciously granted. Permit me further to express my warmest wishes that your life may long continue to be marked by every blessing of a personal, relative, social, and moral kind; by health, happiness, and peace; by great success in the practice of the healing art; and when years have passed away, and you reach the destined goal, may an enraptured realization of the joys of immortality await you on the threshold of a blissful eternity.

Believe me,

Dear Sir,

To be, with the most sincere esteem,

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN PRING.

*Longlands,*

*Stourbridge,*

*Jan. 24th, 1845.*



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MOSES IN MIDIAN;  
OR,  
VOLUNTARY EXILE.

" . . . . . Thou art here  
A persecuted exile! one whose soul  
Unbowed by guilt, demands no patronage  
From blunted feeling, or the frozen hand  
Of gilded ostentation. . . . ."

Mrs. ROBINSON.

DIGRESSION, grown familiar in our days,  
Finds little censure in poetic lays;  
This valued licence, so belov'd, affords  
An ample scope for syllables and words;  
For sportive fancy in her liveliest mood,  
Or satire, always busy, ever rude;  
For wit, or that which chiefly apes the name,  
And for imagination's vivid flame.

The theme we now diffusively pursue  
Without a plan, is meant to bring in view,—  
Some truths of real vitality possessed,  
Which like the seeds of heaven within the breast,  
Bath'd in the influence shower'd from above,  
Yield plenteous fruits of happiness and love.

Link'd with the piece in narrative compressed,  
We place a name with reverence expressed,—  
The name of Moses, would my pencil paint,—  
The birth,—the youth,—the exile of the saint.  
Fame, in the fervours of her warmest zeal,  
Impressed his memory with her glowing seal;  
Upon the highest bard that soars and sings,  
She in her flight inferior radiance flings ;  
Nor till Time trembling in his snowy robe  
Expectant views the exit of our globe,  
Shall any scribe even equal in our earth  
The great Historian of creation's birth,  
A man whose steady spirit firmly trod  
The way that brought him to the mount of God ;  
A man whose office fixed him in a sphere,  
His fellow saints contemplate with fear ;  
Whose high vocation seems when now reviewed,  
Fit for a being with heavenly powers endued.  
Like glory's gleams spread over midnight skies  
Which sweetly roll before our dewy eyes,  
His life with every useful virtue blest,  
Affords the wearied vision welcome rest ;  
While meditation ponders o'er the page  
In which are given the annals of that age ;  
Dark in itself the retrospect appears,  
But Moses' history much the period cheers.

Some traveller long used to forest gloom,  
Before whose face its spectral terrors loom,


Perceives at length some brilliance mark his way,  
The tender smiles which speak the adieus of day ;  
Robed in a mantle of refulgent dyes  
The lovely landscape in prospective lies ;  
Conspicuous mid the all-enchanting scene,  
The object of his tour,—his home, is seen.  
Anticipation swells within his breast  
Of the rich luxury of relieving rest,  
He gains it while the sinking sun displays  
His parting but insufferable rays ;  
No sooner is the long-loved threshold crossed  
And sense of toil at friendship's banquet lost :—  
Scarcely an hour has mingled with the past  
Ere nature shudders 'neath a sudden blast,  
The thunder rolls, the sweeping winds are high,  
Boreal spirits mid the tempest cry,  
Enamell'd streaks have faded on the skies,  
While danger, winged with terror, screaming flies ;  
The traveller slumbers,—perfect safety finds  
From furious storms, and from the vengeful winds  
His refuge stands secure, and he in peace,  
Calmly awaits the moment till it cease.  
'Twas thus the mighty Hebrew, full of years,  
Passed through that vale the sinner only fears ;  
On PISGAH's top, JEHOVAH only by,—<sup>1</sup>  
He saw, ador'd, then laid him down to die !

1 Deut. xxxiv. 7.



His fetters broken, with celestial trains  
Through star-paved realms he reach'd the sacred plains,  
His peaceful spirit tasted heaven's repose  
Far from the struggle of all mundane woes.  
Through all his history living interest glows,  
But we attain its climax at the close :  
The melted soul dwells on the scene with ease,  
And overruling wisdom plainly sees.  
Call'd from Earth's troubled and conflicting stage  
Ere war's grim horrors in confusion rage ;  
Moses by men revered,—intensely loved,  
Divine compassion from the scene removed ;—  
Gone ere the deeds of dotage had impaired  
A fame with which but few can be compared.  
Often by earthly miseries overcome,  
Does God thus call his favourite people home.

Details of richer merit seldom swell  
A case recording pages have to tell,  
Than those which constitute the varied life  
Of this pure spirit found too meek for strife,  
Too copious for a muse whose feeble wing  
Soars not to themes her senior sisters sing.  
We'll linger o'er his adolescent days,  
Mid scenes so full of all we love and praise,  
Aiming in verse alone, those truths to bind,  
Which are familiar to a common mind ;  
The pleasing task beguiles a dreary time,  
And dreary scenes first wait the rambling rhyme :



Turn then, attention cries, and waves her hand,  
To Egypt's dark inhospitable land.

View him ! the friends which gave the hero birth  
Are held in bondage vilest on the earth ;  
Born in a land where power abused, denied  
Nature's first dictates, with a fiendish pride  
Trampled upon the endearments of the soul,  
And claim'd what heaven withholds,—supreme control—  
Over life's choicest comforts and its joy,  
To root them up and recklessly destroy.  
Fixed was a law,—that Hebrew babes must die.  
(Crown'd heads think little when they God defy !)  
The child was lovely,<sup>1</sup> must he cease to live ?  
Can righteous parents such an offering give ?  
Shall they permit a monster's hand to kill  
Their son, because it is his cruel will ?  
No ! for awhile though dreadful their suspense,  
(For care parental here was deemed offence)  
They hid the helpless child, and nobly dared  
To slight a power which evil only spared ;  
Yet the sad hour at length compelled the deed  
Which threatened death, but God had life decreed !  
An ark, with tender care and gushing love,  
With prayers unnumbered, to the throne above,  
Received the infant for its watery grave,  
But interposing mercy held the wave,

1 Acts vii. 20.

And angels kindly from their seats came down  
To watch the scene with interest profound.


Come, and indulge in pensive thought awhile  
Upon those banks which hem the rushing Nile.  
Lo! yonder, waiting on those golden sands,  
A royal maid in blushing beauty stands,  
Her virgin bosom pants with modest fear,  
Distrustful lest some gazer should be near;  
Still robed she lingers yet upon the shore  
And views the scene with caution o'er and o'er.  
(That leads to good which in itself is right,  
And patience brings the best designs to light.)  
At length afloat some object met her eye,  
"Hasten, my slave," she cried, "and bring it nigh,"—  
'Tis brought, and to her wonder and surprise,  
In swaddling bands a weeping infant lies;  
Straight is it clasp'd within her lily arms,  
Warm is her admiration of its charms;  
Fond and endearing is her kind embrace,  
While tears of pity bathe her blooming face.  
"Shall I," the menial asked, on bended knee,  
"Run and obtain a Hebrew nurse for thee?"  
"Go," was the answer;—swift, with eager joy  
She found the mother of the rescued boy,  
And brought her, by bereavement sore distressed,  
To press her own dear infant to her breast;  
"Take, woman," cried the lady, "home with thee  
This precious babe, and bring it up for me."

Beneath her gentle care and treatment mild,  
As months rolled on, fast grew the beauteous child :  
Pure was the pleasure of the humble pair  
To give their darling child their daily care,  
Warm was the affection of their hourly prayer,  
That he enlightening grace might freely share ;  
His mere existence chid distrustful fears,  
His sweet obedience soothed their rugged cares,  
And feeling that the time would quickly come  
When he must leave, perhaps for life, his home ;  
They told him, youthful as he was, the whole  
They knew important to a deathless soul.  
Thus were the seeds of truth eternal sown,  
And to his soul the way of mercy shewn.

Reluctant, ('twas the feeling of each mind,)  
Was the much loved and cherished charge resign'd ;  
But anxious fears forbade them to confess  
The secret which occasioned their distress :  
The fair one who his special friend had proved,  
Now for her pleasure had her *pet* removed :  
Henceforth still cared for by his father's God,  
A splendid palace is his sole abode ;  
Thus from a lowly cottage is he traced,  
Whose after life with every good was graced ;  
Thence too have issued, ask the roll of Time,  
Many of those whose lives have been sublime :  
So when from heaven the Son of God came down,  
While passing mansions with an angry frown,

Within a cottage oft he sought for rest,  
And with his smile its lowly inmates blest.

Sinks of corruption courts have chiefly been,  
The *focus* of pollution, lust, and sin,  
Yet in them virtue sometimes finds a place,  
And those are there who share in saving grace.  
In Egypt's palace once a Joseph gave  
Those laws which did the sinking nation save ;  
Wise Daniel too, his mighty talents lent,  
To aid those kings with whom his days were spent :  
Unsuited is a site like this, for those,—  
Whose temperament demands entire repose,  
Its giddy whims and never ceasing cares,  
Its baleful influence and its deadly snares,—  
Combined, may injure e'en the purest mind,  
That is to such a dangerous post assigned ;  
Each feeble saint will view it with dismay,  
Though power divine is pledged to guard his way ;  
Yet even *there* decided souls may thrive,  
Nor earth, nor hell their spirits can deprive  
Of those stern principles, supremely grand,  
By which the servants of *Immanuel* stand ;  
Truth, self-preserving, keeps their souls from harm,  
And their defence is God's resistless arm ;  
Few facts remain by which can now be found  
The amount of good by which their deeds were crown'd,  
Yet doubtless by an all-approving heaven  
Daniel and Joseph had successes given,




And that they were the means of leading some  
From this vile world to an immortal home.

In Pharoah's court though yet in tender youth,  
Young Moses cherished principles of truth,  
Devout devotion to the tasks assign'd,  
Evolved the talents of his gifted mind,  
Furnished his mighty soul with all the lore  
Possess'd or known by men in days of yore ;  
Thus was the learning in his case required,  
By the young student speedily acquired.

That BEING before whose all discerning eyes,  
Without a veil the past and future lies,  
With due precision orders all the plan,  
Connected with the government of man,  
Has every means beneath his sovereign hand,  
Nor is that found that can his power withstand.  
Paul in the morning of the gospel day,  
When sent the gospel's glory to display,  
Before the learn'd and men of noble birth,  
And e'en the kingly despots of the earth,  
Needed the method and refined address  
Suited alone such hearers to impress ;  
Beneath Gamaliel's able guidance trained  
These supplemental graces all attained,  
Hence all his after efforts for mankind  
Betray the symptoms of a cultur'd mind.

So Moses destined by his sovereign Lord,  
As the first writer of his sacred word,  
To tell in words inspired that all might read,  
The wonders in creation's works displayed,  
Dispersion of chaotic gloom and night,  
And the effusion of primeval light ;  
A world of fire linked to the throne divine  
As witness of its power on men to shine,  
A lesser orb to bless the dewy night,  
The medium of a milder, softer light,  
With glittering gems still of a lesser size  
By millions sprinkled o'er the glowing skies ;  
Eden's rich land in nameless beauties drest,  
And man, the lord of all, entirely blest ;  
The countless grades of Nature's ample plan,  
Inferior to—made for—and given to man,  
With all that constitutes this ponderous sphere,  
Terraqueous, and suspended in the air,  
All that makes up this world's stupendous frame,  
Doomed to expire beneath the final flame,  
Its rise from nothing to its present state,  
A work beyond our comprehension great ;  
Creation pure ! and universal joy,  
Delightful praise, man's only fond employ ;  
Creation spoiled ! man from his station hurl'd,  
A wretched wanderer in a fallen world,  
His soul defiled,—henceforth a sorrowing heir  
Of mourning, labour, and corroding care ;



All the sweet ties of union rent in twain  
 With anger, hatred, and discordant pain ;  
 God's goodly works by ADAM's fall distrest,  
 This Prophet's pen has splendidly exprest ;  
 Yea more, we are indebted to his page  
 For the sole history of the Patrian age,  
 And for the admission, progress, and design  
 Of that economy next given mankind,  
 A work so great and wondrous, involved  
 Stupendous care, on Moses it devolved ;  
 See then the wisdom of the hand that threw  
 His lot where 'twas his privilege to pursue  
 Learning's laborious but delightful road,—  
 The will of man, the pleasure of his God !  
 Pharoah's fair daughter meant her own applause ;—  
 The Lord employed it to advance his cause.

Each evil cause within it has the seeds,  
 Of that from which its certain fall proceeds ;  
 Doom'd once of God, though all opposed say " nay,"  
 No means, no power, can save it from decay ;  
 An agent ne'er was wanted to effect  
 Its overthrow, its ruin, and its wreck :  
 This royal lord unknowingly caress'd  
 The friend of those he wantonly distress'd, '  
 He fed, and clothed, and trained without design  
 The future legislator of mankind ;  
 A worthless tyrant thus without a plan  
 Cherished the friend of liberty, and man.



Rome had its Luther, and his mighty hand  
Struck the sure blow her power could not withstand,  
Her sorcery and her mind-bewitching spell,  
Her mass of errors which allured to hell,  
Her priesthood, worse than fiends with lying breath,  
Were men's destroyers,—ministers of death !  
All bent before him, as his pen revealed  
Their secret horrors, from the world concealed ;  
Thus Popery was the school in which he grew  
Familiar with the cause he overthrew.


Scarcely a form of evil then is found,  
Whether 'tis trivial, serious, or profound,  
Because opposed to powers which rule on high,  
But must (the truth is cheering) surely die !  
Latent, and pent up, are those ready fires  
In Nature's womb in which itself expires,  
When from the throne the awful mandate rolls—  
That all must perish found between the poles !

- To potent minds—when heavenward in their bent,  
The heaviest trials alone are ever sent ;  
• For Moses, when he reached the age of man,  
It was his royal patron's subtle plan,  
To make him by the approving country known,  
As heir presumptive of his iron throne ;  
But courtly wiles must steel his guileless breast  
Ere he was meet to wear the regal vest.

To alienate his pure and spotless mind,  
To make him to his people's bondage blind,  
Became the object first in Pharoah's eyes,  
His efforts furthered by the tempting prize  
Of future Kingship ! Would the stripling yield  
And take a path, thus with inducements fill'd ?  
In vain his way with glittering baits is strew'd,  
When faith had once the claims of Jesus view'd ;<sup>1</sup>  
In vain the monarch strove with numerous wiles,—  
With offered honors,—with insidious smiles,  
To turn the youthful patriot from a cause,  
Consign'd him by divine and human laws ;  
Pledged to the cause of Israel to be kind,  
His love to Judah's God prepared his mind  
To stand with firmness in his dangerous post,  
Though Evil marshall'd all its sable host :  
To block the road, he trod without dismay,  
Assured that saints ne'er perish while they pray :  
No artifice was wanting to complete  
His conquest, and secure his full defeat :  
Flattery assailed him with her poisonous tongue,  
And peals of fulsome adulation rung ;  
But Jacob's louder cry assailed his ears,  
This wrung his heart, and drew deploring tears ;  
This was the voice of God, and fixed his soul  
To heed, to listen to no minor call !

1 Hebrews xi. 26.

Were they afflicted!—did they misery bear!—  
With them he claimed his right to have a share;  
The riches of the land, though all his own,—  
The airy baubles of a crown and throne,  
Were trifles, nor his spirit could allure,  
When placed with things which evermore endure.  
Thus fixed in mind, his sequent actions shew  
The splendid fruits which from decision grow;  
But youthful prowess sometimes prompts to deeds  
O'er which in riper age the memory bleeds.  
Zeal, without prudence, burns when it should warm,—  
Effects no good,—inflicts extensive harm:  
Moses, whose turgid passions fired his breast,  
Displeased, beheld his kindred oppress,  
To break their yoke, felt all his soul constrained,  
'Till anger glowed which could not be restrained;  
One fatal morn as he deplored their grief,  
And sought by kindness to afford relief,  
His zeal the bounds of moderation broke;  
Then brainless fury urged the deadly stroke!  
But O! my Muse, though petrified with fear,  
Drop on the scene one sin-lamenting tear:  
They fly! for lo, the patriot leaves the place,  
The miseries of a wandering tour to taste.  
(What sad reverses clog the pilgrim's road,  
Yet all divinely ordered by his God;  
The various ills which mar his mental peace  
Can only in the heavens entirely cease.)



Keen was the anguish of our hero's breast  
When banish'd thus from home, and friends, and rest;  
Grieved was his heart, and painful was his fate,  
So long associate of the rich and great!  
Late heir-presumptive to all Egypt's throne,  
But now a traveller to a land unknown;—  
Late affluent, and of every good possess'd,  
Now friendless, and by penury distress'd;  
Unused to toil, he wearied soon became,  
Beneath the influence of the solar flame;  
Then sat him down, and found a kind retreat,  
(From thirst, and from the overpowering heat,)  
Under some foliage, near a cooling well,  
While on his soul refreshing mercy fell;  
He prayed, and God received the suppliant's prayer,  
And soothed his spirit,—filled with anxious care,  
Assuag'd the sickening grief that rent his mind,  
And heal'd his wounds in rich compassion kind;  
Never has God refused his servants' cries,  
Or seen their misery, but with pitying eyes.

Unknown in Midian, as in other climes,  
Were those refinements common in our times;  
Rustic engagements then employed the fair,  
And noble maidens scrupled not to share  
In rural toil,—man's more appropriate sphere,  
More robust, and more fit the task to bear;  
This starved their minds, but yet increased their wealth,  
Strengthened their bodies, and secured them health;

Chaste in apparel, and simple in their mien,  
Mild, pure, and unaffected, and serene ;  
Nature imparted what she can't deny,—  
The rosy lip,—the pain-inflicting eye :  
Resistless blushes,—soul-dissolving sighs,  
And sympathy like that within the skies.  
'Twas nature only,—they obtained no part  
In those allurements now derived from art ;—  
The rouge,—the gold, and endless forms of dress,  
(So fit a female's weakness to express ;)  
Brain-crushing foibles,—fashions ever new,—  
The charming maid of early times ne'er knew.  
Woman is lovely !—'tis her happy fate,  
Whate'er her station, or whate'er her state ;  
Her form attractive, and her carriage—grace ;  
Her voice is music,—beauteous is her face !  
Yet education, (this to all is plain,)  
Where female minds its useful aid attain,  
Is real advantage ; and experience shews,—  
"It paints the diamond and perfumes the rose."

Maternal teaching of the wiser kind,—  
Tender, and comprehensive, and refined ;  
That pure instruction, fit to form the heart,  
Which all enlightened mothers may impart,  
Forms an important portion of that lore  
Which does a woman's happiness insure ;—  
But this is insufficient, if alone,  
Much more by youthful females should be known ;

The amount their station only can decide,  
 (But by this rule we safely may abide,)

It should be useful, and it should be sound,—  
 A medium 'twixt the showy and profound;  
 That which prepares her, 'tis its proper end,  
 To shine the wife, the mother, and the friend;  
 The various ills of life to bear with ease,  
 Her chief delight incessantly to please;  
 A treasure past description to the Don  
 Who has her hand and her affections won!  
 But the uneducated seldom hide  
 Repulsive coarseness, levity, and pride;  
 The leading traits peculiar to a mind  
 Untaught, and vulgar, and undisciplin'd:  
 Such, with a class, quite amiable may seem,  
 Yet wiser people feel but small esteem.

Extremes are evils;—thus the modern schools  
 For making ladies, make them trifling fools:  
 Woman thus formed on Fashion's ultra plan,  
 Is not a blessing, but a curse to man;  
 And he is hardly sane who dares to dwell  
 In Hymen's fetters with a modern belle.

Untainted by the world's delusive arts,  
 Possess'd of simple,—unaffected hearts;  
 Free as the air, and fresh as early dew,  
 Seven sisters now we introduce to view:—

These were the daughters of a worthy man,—  
JETHRO,—the leader of a rural clan ;  
They fed their father's flock, and with the swains,  
In primal order kept them on the plains ;  
And that their herds at noon in rest might share,  
Came to the well while Moses lingered there ;  
He, though unused to menial toil to stoop,  
Threw habit off when came the pleasing group ;  
Then rose, (the action should be still admir'd,)  
And drew the water which their flocks required ;  
The nymphs beheld the deed with much surprise,  
And on him kept their searching, smiling eyes ;  
Finish'd,—he to the shade retires again,  
The fair with eager footsteps cross the plain ;  
Arrived,—they gather round their honour'd sire :—  
“ My children ” cried he, “ tell me, I desire,  
What is the cause that with such short delay  
You have your usual task perform'd to-day ? ”  
“ Father,” the gentle Zippora, blushing, said,  
“ A young Egyptian kindly lent us aid ;  
Sufficient water from the fountain drew,  
While I and sisters stood the scene to view ;  
His prince-like port and dignity, imply  
Descent from some distinguish'd family ;  
He seems a stranger, and deserves to share  
Some friend's assistance and relieving care : ”  
“ Haste ” said the father, guessing all the rest,  
So fully in her asking eyes exprest,

“Hasten and fetch him, he is welcome here,  
We quickly will his fainting spirit cheer.”

Soon, and our Exile reached his patron's dome,  
Thenceforth to him a refuge and a home ;  
All that his warmest wishes had desired,—  
All that his painful, chequer'd case required  
He now received ; 'twas all his mind could crave,  
When generous kindness and affection gave !  
Grateful, and by their noble conduct mov'd,  
Though far from friends and kindred belov'd,  
Moses was happy,—thus a gracious mind,  
Can every where sweet satisfaction find !  
The parents smiled ;—one daughter daily shewed  
The passion which within her bosom glowed ;  
The rest to please him freely did their part,  
But Zippora gave him all her love-sick heart !  
Jethro beheld their union with delight,  
He could not youth, and worth, and wisdom slight :  
Thus mercy all her other favours crowned,  
And thus for Moses was a help-mate found.

Most richly favoured with renewing grace,  
This honor'd exile of an exiled race,  
Found the divine, the omnipresent hand,  
His guide and shelter in this foreign land,  
Submitted, since it seemed the will of heaven,  
When, as his post, a shepherd's lot was given ;



(That, most repulsive when at distance seen,  
Has often, when brought near, agreeable been ;)   
Nursed in the cradle of luxurious care,  
And hence unfit in rustic toil to share,  
This worthy scion of an honor'd stock  
Assumed the care, and fed his patron's flock.  
Then patiently, as days successive roll'd,  
Through Midian's woods, and by its brooks he stroll'd ;  
Some pending rock while summer poured its heat,  
Gave the distinguish'd fugitive retreat ,  
Some mountain's summit, or some grassy plain,  
Afforded rest, and sooth'd corrosive pain.  
That BEING ALMIGHTY who had sent him there,  
Listen'd in mercy to his servant's prayer,  
Distill'd into his mind those dews of love  
Which bathe the fulgent fields of light above ;  
Each trial, and every grief, afforded space  
For the preparing work of heavenly grace ;—  
Thus to subserve God's purpose all things tend,  
Slow is the process, but it gains the end.

Pleasure's infatuating influence often chills  
Those bosoms wholly free from other ills ;  
Her flowery charms, and her impure embrace,  
If but enjoyed, insure entire disgrace ;  
Safety,—when round our feet her snares are spread,  
Is not in parley, or in idle dread ;  
But firm resistance, or an instant flight,  
Is the course only altogether right ;

Sin so pollutes, that man alone is free  
From its remorse and withering misery,  
By that renewing, all-preserving grace  
Which brings the mind from nature's barren waste.  
Historic annals ample witness bear,  
And by abundant evidence declare,  
That virtue, though itself of heavenly birth,  
Finds but a stranger's welcome on our earth ;  
Received by few, and where received, beset  
By countless dangers, on its ruin set ;  
Hence some conspicuous on the lists of fame,  
Through Pleasure's baneful smile have suffered shame,  
And given the wicked, ('tis its sure result,)  
O'er humbled goodness gladly to exult ;  
To mention names, unless to give them praise,  
If they are honor'd, ignorance displays ;  
The names, at least, of such as spent while here,  
Their whole existence in their Maker's fear :  
Therefore in hallow'd silence let them lie,  
Their witness and their record are on high !

Full fed and settled safely on their lees,  
Concern'd alone for sensual joy and ease ;  
Professors making merit of a task,  
With due precision daily dare to ask  
For *daily bread*, while heaps of treasure lie,  
Their selfishness to all to testify.  
If that ALL-seeing Being they address,  
Beheld them really objects of distress,

His gracious mercy and indulgent care,  
Would of his aid afford an ample share.  
Prayers for those gifts we need not, are alone  
Fit to be offered to a god of stone.  
"God is not mock'd" whose eyes of crystal flame,  
Frown terribly on all who slight his name!  
It should be felt when we address the sky,  
That heaven,—all heaven, beholds us from on high!  
From Pleasure's charms, and deadening ease preserv'd,  
Salubrious toil the Hebrew's spirit nerv'd.

Dim and forbidding to the view appears  
An exile's most unenviable years;  
Far from the sphere where we received our birth  
To the remotest district of the earth,  
'Tis possible to travel and to roam,  
Ere we can lose affection for our home:—  
Home is a word of such enchanting sound  
As to affect and cheer wherever found.  
The scholar who to aid his toiling mind,  
And to increase his knowledge of mankind,  
Wanders impatient over land and main,  
Oft longs to see his native town again;  
Forward he urges on his favorite course,  
Treads classic ground, and feels its magic force,  
Receives impressions, powerful and profound,  
Never resisted when on storied ground;  
His memory fed, each talent finding scope,  
But what is there the object of his hope?

Ah! that for which his glowing wishes burn,  
Is that he may to former scenes return;  
Far more alluring and intensely fair,—  
Sweeter and softer than Italian air,  
Is the all-welcome hour and moment when  
(Though but a cottage in some lonely glen,)  
He is to see his long-forsaken home,  
And back again to its dear refuge come!  
A scholar's feelings chiefly are his own,  
But such desire to all alike is known;  
The peasant with intense affection loves,  
Nor e'er forgets his native streams and groves;  
Banish'd he may be, but he still retains,  
Affection for those venerated plains,  
*Where* live his parents,—*where* in boyish play,—  
In joyful youth roll'd many a happy day.  
That rustic village and that rural waste,  
Are still most suited to his choice and taste;—  
There would he live, and toil his life away,  
For ever sated and for ever gay!

Happy and largely blest I reckon those,  
Who, in a world immersed in countless woes,  
Possess what many never can attain,  
That gracious solace to a mind in pain;—  
*A home*!—that best, that dearest of retreats,  
That centre of life's few, and mingled sweets:  
His dwelling, and his own belov'd abode,  
Given and preserved him by his Father, God;

A Bethel whence proceed his daily prayers,  
And where he finds relief from all his cares !  
*His own !* here dwells the secret of its charms,  
'Tis this the mind from anxious care disarms,—  
'Tis this that fully liberates the soul,  
While o'er it waves of balmy comfort roll !  
With this earth's chief attractions are allied,  
(A portion oft to gracious man denied,)  
But let no murmurs struggle on his tongue,  
Though by the chilling blast of penury stung ;  
Though sable clouds submerge his thorny way,  
Dark, and relum'd by not a single ray ;  
Frown'd on and scorn'd by those more richly blest,  
His pilgrim spirit sighs and is distrest ;  
Yet *he* attains, (amazing truth to hear,)  
What Jesus had not when he sojourn'd here !  
*He*, holy Stranger, when the day was fled,  
And night her lurid shadows calmly spread,—  
While floods of crimson, trembling in the west,  
Lull'd wearied Nature to nocturnal rest,  
Retired alone, no kind attendant nigh  
But those who flew to serve him from on high :  
To some cold mountain in seclusion went,  
There wrapt in prayer the hours of gloom he spent ;  
Attentive heavens surveyed with awe profound,  
The Mediator pace the roary ground ;  
He bends ! behold him on the chilly sod ;  
'Tis the incarnate,—condescending God !

He lies! unshelter'd is his sacred head,  
Yet 'twas his hand the world's foundations laid!  
He prays! was midnight silence ever rent  
By sounds like these in supplication sent!

Ungrateful World! could'st thou afford no more,  
To HIM who form'd thee by omnific power?  
To thee, but not arrayed in vengeful flame,  
The great Redeemer in compassion came:  
In thee, he lived, of thee he was not known,  
Apostate Earth! thy peace is justly gone!  
Thy kind caresses, thy benignant smile,  
Are lavished chiefly on the vain and vile;  
Thy withering scowl, drives from thy succour those  
Who seek beneath thy wings, to find repose:  
Thy LORD refused—shall they who love him dare,  
In thy perfidious policy to share?  
Illustrious men, the glory of their time,  
Of splendid talents and of works sublime,  
Have shared the fate which Moses now endure'd,  
And like the saint have there for life secured  
That real advantage found alone, in full,  
In heavy trouble, and affliction's school.  
Distinguish'd Dante, (jealous Fame will keep,  
A name o'er which the sorrowing muses weep,)  
Met from the ungrateful country which he blest,  
This hateful doom, nor was it e'er redress'd,  
'Till to eternal scenes his soul had fled,  
And he in death slept with the equal dead!

The world's chief gifts are honor and a name,  
Yet it gives freely, but posthumous fame ;  
When those who sought its interests, not their own,  
Have from the sound of earthly plaudits gone ;  
In clamorous peals their deeds are told aloud,  
Supplying matter for the babbling crowd ;  
The sage deplores it, but expects no more  
When with him time and toil shall be o'er !  
Thus mighty Nelson died ; and left behind,  
A name revered, and cherish'd by mankind :  
Yet honors due to him were heaped on those,  
Who never tasted War's endangering woes ;  
While on his ashes fruitless tears were shed,  
Too well deserv'd, but useless to the dead !

Yet though we deem the case extremely hard,  
For man from all he loved to be debarr'd,  
Still judging from the facts we have, we see,  
That mind and thought in every clime are free ;  
Detach'd from charms which lull the soul to rest,  
The use of life more fully is impress'd ;  
Like the wreck'd sailor struggling on the wave,  
The time, the means which can existence save  
Is precious felt, and every nerve is strain'd,  
'Till the one object,—safety, is attain'd ;  
So on the restless deep of life expos'd  
E'er the one period given to act is clos'd,  
A mind enlighten'd, will with vigor use  
In furtherance of the object it may chuse !

Stretch every power, till fully it acquires,  
All that it sought below the etherial fires !  
Nothing, when far from home we trace our way,  
Seems more unconcious of the least decay,  
That reminiscence of those tender ties,  
By which sweet friendship heart to heart allies :  
Memory, with wiry cords still holds the list  
Of those who from the heart are ne'er dismiss'd ;  
On earth's most distant plain our lot may be,  
Yet their lov'd forms, their dear society,  
Still often pass before the mental eye,  
And prompt affection's soul—impressing sigh :  
Such are the weakest,—not less useless hours  
Of those on whom the sky of absence lowers.  
Yet then some flinty purpose oft is fix'd,  
(Evil and good in all below are mix'd :)  
All fruitful of results, which lead to fame,  
Secures exertion, and a lasting name.

Exhilarating Hope too does her part,  
In the sensations of an exile's heart,  
Her rosy wings his anxious thoughts convey,  
To those lov'd scenes where once he held his way ;  
For universal good his wishes flow,  
A christian heart embraces all below.  
No one exception can existance find  
Within an heaven-illuminated mind ;  
Yet warmer aspirations plead the place  
Where first we tasted life-imparting grace !



Welcome, thrice welcome! from some bosom friend,  
(Such should these pledges of affection send :)  
Is the dear sheet whose object is to tell  
That 'tis with Zion's hallow'd interest, swell!  
Gospel success is joy to gracious souls,  
Where'er vouchsafed beneath the glowing poles:  
The honor of Jerusalem affords,  
To such, delight not speakable by words;  
Yet when the wave of melting mercy breaks  
O'er those for whom to God in prayer he speaks,  
His thankful spirit lies before the throne,  
Subdued by transports saints enjoy alone!

Not less intensely for that circle dear,  
Once playful round their elder brother's chair:  
His fond desires, and ardent hopes are fed,  
That on them every blessing may be shed,  
That they, while he is absent may attain  
All the improvement growing minds should gain:  
Those lively prattlers round the kitchen hearth,  
Elastic with vivacity and mirth;  
Arriving at that serious period, when  
We reach the years, and characters of men:  
Momentous period! and with interest fraught,  
In which the path to bliss is scorn'd or sought;  
The wise and gracious parent views with fear  
Those objects of affection ever *near*,  
Their *distant* friend has love not less intense,  
But waits the issue with far less suspense.

The firm adhesion of paternal ties,  
Thus never deadens, or endures demise :  
Nor—could we reach the earth's most distant shore,  
Subdue by absence, love's resistless power.  
Thus Joseph, for his Benjamin retain'd  
Affection, which his manly mind constrain'd,  
Till the discovery came with tears confess'd,  
The genuine portrait of a brother's breast.

The climate of the land that gave us birth,  
Conduces more than any found on earth,  
To furnish life with health, and balmy peace,  
Blessings, which leave life little when they cease !  
Ah, England ! human optics never see,  
Aught that surpasses thy sweet scenery :  
Nature in thee, in every beauty drest,  
Appears a garden which thy God has blest ;  
Luxurious valleys fed with brimming streams,  
Smile under constant showers of solar beams :  
Thy woods, thy hills, thy lakes, and spacious downs,  
Thy mansions, cities, villages, and towns,  
Are lovely ! but thy privileges pour,  
Rivers of social good from shore to shore ;  
Thou hast the gospel ! here the secret lies,—  
From thence the favors which endear thee rise ;  
From thee, O happy—faulty nation ! flow—  
Those rills of mercy meant for all below :  
Thy sons, the sons of Salem, dangers slight,  
Inspired by Revelation's hallow'd light,

To bear the truth to tainted climes afar,  
Tidings of Jesus, Israel's morning Star;  
Esteeming earthly honors dross, and vile,  
Delighted with their Lord and Master's smile!  
To desert wastes where Satan has his throne,  
Fly with a message hitherto unknown!  
*There* the grim savage welters in the blood  
Which from his brother's veins by murder flow'd:  
An offering, to the spirits of the pit,  
Have taught him, for his wooden idols meet;  
There mothers,—mother's hearts no more possess,  
But view unmov'd their infants in distress.  
Groans of distracting anguish rend the air,  
From the black altar,—from the victim there;  
But lo! amid the horrors of the scene,  
These messengers of Calvary are seen;  
Their voice, like music from an angel's lyre,  
Heard through the sonnets of the ethereal choir,  
Diffuses life, and speaks of living joy,  
And tells of peace no misery can alloy!  
Exiled but freely from the land they lov'd,  
By burning zeal to serve the Saviour mov'd!  
Expatriation *thus*, is quite sublime,  
But oft alas! 'tis forced for guilt and crime;  
When Law's just statutes deem a ruffian band  
Unworthy of their home, and native land,  
Doomed in perpetual slavery to live,  
A life, which Justice condescends to give:

Such cross the seas to sorrow's gloomy port  
Desiring death to afford its last resort.  
Loud howl the winds which waft them o'er the main,  
But far more bitter is their heartfelt pain ;  
Rough the dark billows which beneath them roll,  
But far more rugged those which 'whelm the soul.

Exilement too, has sometimes been the fate  
Of men distinguish'd in the church and state.  
The former term, I use, but to express  
Those who the gospel and the truth confess ;  
(Caution is needful, since the vile abuse  
Of language in its now prevailing use :)  
*Once*, and the word was sacred, and implied  
A people to their God by faith allied,—  
A flock who owned the eternal Shepherd's care,  
Whose names were honor'd with an ample share  
Of odium from the world's perfidious tongue,  
In fiendish and intemperate fury flung ;—  
Saints not reluctant freely to afford  
Their blood to seal the message of their Lord :  
*Now*, with the rude, uncultivated mass,  
And with a number of a higher class,  
Church means a dome with consecrated walls,  
Not "faithful men,"—regenerated souls ;  
While parsons of the Oxonian school affirm  
Themselves, alone, the apostolic germ ;—  
The true, the legal, heaven-approved seed,  
Whence gospel fruits for evermore proceed !

While he who takes his Bible for his guide,  
Unmov'd by either interest or pride,  
Deems those, whate'er their station or their name,  
Whose lives have too much purity for blame,  
To be that church for which Immanuel died,  
And which, when time is o'er, shall be his bride;  
Some from each sect who fear Jehovah's name,  
Whose hope is rapture, and whose love is flame.  
From this digression we will now return,  
Those will excuse it who have not to learn  
That words perverted, have, in modern times,  
Afforded aid to literary crimes.

The reader who has traced the page of Time,  
Remembers that when crushed by royal crime,—  
By lordly bishops.—by a perjured crew,  
The pilgrim fathers from their country flew;  
Barbarian shores, on which sweet Freedom smil'd,  
Received them from their native clime exiled;  
Happy to serve upon a stranger's sod,  
Their own, their father's, and our faithful God.  
Heaven has that land with special mercy blest,  
Which gave its heirs a home, and life, and rest;  
Down to the present, though by despots curs'd,  
It has a claim to be esteemed the first  
Of all the countries which the gospel know;  
Its churches with its purest spirit glow!  
Witness the showers of influence, year by year,  
Which with revivals Zion's circles cheer;—

Look on the thousands, which, renew'd by grace,  
Boldly come forward and their Lord confess ;—  
Reflect but calmly on the deathless zeal  
Their ministers, if actions speak, must feel ;  
Where, make allowance as we do elsewhere,  
Do such rich fruits from gospel seed appear ?  
*Where*, let impartial justice freely speak,  
Do clouds of love in such profusion break ?  
Distilling life, and grace, and power divine  
On those who were to every good supine.  
Hark !—Justice answers yes, and in their praise,  
But calls (and ready are my artless lays)  
For faithful censure on that glaring crime,  
Most odious on the lists deplored in time ;—  
On *Slavery* ! in America still rife,—  
The friend of death, the enemy of life.  
O'er the sad fault humanity must weep,  
That such a scene, fit only for the deep,  
Should still be witness'd in a land of light,  
Where men are thus denied their noblest right,—  
A land where evils are not known which pour  
Confusion and distress on every shore  
But theirs : Ah ! ' would they only now arise,  
And by repentance soothe the angry skies,—  
Repentance, which should every fetter break,  
And give protection to the poor and weak.  
Auspicious era ! soon 'tis doomed to dawn,  
Ere long the power of truth, in conscience known,

Shall be develop'd ; then, the monster slain,  
The land of freedom shall be free again !  
Meantime 'tis but a portion of the race  
On whom is fixed the perdurable disgrace ;  
This is consoling, and their ablest men  
Have tried,—still try, the influence of the pen,  
Their Southern brethren fully to impress,  
Who still in this the laws of God transgress.  
Thus they their own superior light display,  
Affording promise too of that bright day  
When from its face the blemish foul remov'd,  
It shall appear a land of heaven below'd !

Man, as a saint, is exiled while below,  
A wanderer in a clime where miseries flow ;  
Far from his Father's house, and from the place  
Where the redeem'd behold Immanuel's face,  
Rude tempests chill him with their angry breath,  
While pleasure flies, and all around is death ;  
The desolating blast in fury sweeps  
All but the nook in which he stands and weeps ;  
He feels, and mourns in sorrow too, his fate,  
Nor seldom sighs to reach that happy state  
Reserved of God, for all who serve him here,  
The objects even now of special care.  
Dreary and dismal, but time's rapid flight,  
Where suns, unnumber'd, pour their living light,  
Shall bring his joyful spirit, and console,  
With endless rest, his now bewildered soul :


'Tis doubtless best that such should feel, below,  
The humbling influence of protracted woe ;  
This period of probation is design'd  
As a *gymnasium* for the christian's mind ;  
His training fits him to attain the goal,—  
The good proposed to every human soul ;  
A sense of pain, of want, and throbbing grief,  
Follow'd by fulness, ease, and kind relief,  
Gives to the mind the gust those blessings yield,  
So shall it be when all its powers are filled ;  
The final throe itself, with all its strife,  
Induces relish for the wells of life :  
Hence, though inferior to the angelic clan,  
Here, and hereafter, is the state of man,  
Yet his enjoyments through eternal years,  
Will not be less sublimely sweet than theirs ;  
That shall contribute when he gains the skies,  
Which now so oft his faith and patience tries,  
His beatific raptures to increase  
In the fair mansions of perennial peace !

The power divine which orders our affairs,—  
Agents for all its purposes prepares,  
Oft by a method hardly understood,  
Yet well adapted for the general good ;  
By perfect wisdom for its part contrived,  
The best results can only be derived .  
" Wheel within wheel," yet all in order move,  
Unveiling secrets of eternal love ;



No deviation from the pristine plan  
Occurs, or can occur, affecting man :  
Immutable are all the just decrees  
Of HIM who every object fully sees.  
Detained in Midian by Divine restraint,  
The future prophet, lawgiver, and saint,  
Experienced exile of the happiest kind,  
Devoted to that God, who had design'd  
To crown with favors richest out of heaven,  
And great as have on earth been ever given,  
His faithful servant, when the settled hour,  
For the exertion of his matchless power,  
Should fully dawn, to visit from on high,  
His captive people, whose distressful cry  
Had risen, borne on every breeze and wind  
To HIM who sees the miseries of mankind,—  
Who hears to answer, when his creatures pray,  
Nor long omits his goodness to display.

Slow in their flight, and torn by numerous fears  
Are those obscured preparatory years,  
Through which the student passes, e'er he gains  
Fame, as the reward of his cares and pains.  
Precocious talent by peculiar force,  
Profluent—takes indeed a shorter course,  
But for those deeds which bring enduring fame,  
A preparation seldom ever came  
But by a process, tediously delayed  
By toilsome labors of the mind and head ;



No shorter path to wisdom yet has been,  
Since man by folly fell in mortal sin !  
Wholly unknown, and therefore asked in vain,  
Are those engagements of the Hebrew swain,  
By which he sought, (he surely did no less,)  
The perishing around with life to bless ;  
Far from their God, and just as far from hope,  
A course of sin their sad and total scope,  
They loudly call'd for sympathy and care,  
For kind instruction and the aid of prayer :  
A heart like his could never fully cease,  
To ask for them eternal joy and peace ;  
Nor yet as seasons opportune appear'd,  
To tell them of the God he lov'd and fear'd.  
'Tis probable that much success was sent  
The days to crown, so well, so nobly spent,  
To all the efforts which he made to lead  
The guilty thousands to the lost and dead.  
Where'er a healthful saint obtains a place,  
The propagating influence of that grace  
On him bestow'd, invariably tends  
To bring to God acquaintances and friends.  
The lonely wanderer thus in Afric's vale,<sup>1</sup>  
Taught the rude savage Calvary's soothing tale,  
And led him, fallen as he was, to find  
An interest in the Saviour of mankind !

<sup>1</sup> See "The African Valley : "—A pleasing narrative in prose, by that exquisite writer, James Montgomery, Esq

Intensely dreadful are the thoughts that rise,  
While contemplation views with watery eyes,  
Nations unblest'd with Revelation's light,  
Immers'd in more than ten-fold moral night !  
Philosophy opposed to truth and God,  
May place one half upon the Elysian road ;  
(In thinking thus to its perpetual cost  
The world is through its vaunt'd wisdom lost ;)   
However painful to the mental view,  
We must believe our Bibles to be true,  
Which speak distinctly of the future fate,  
Of all who perish in a graceless state.  
Yet some have, as a pledge of happier days,  
Shone with celestial and returning rays ;  
These on the principle we named above,  
(Themselves baptized in everlasting love,)   
Must have diffus'd the influence they felt,  
Who then can estimate the full result ?  
May not a number even really great  
Have thus been rescued from a fallen state ?  
Hope's eager wings in expectation spread,  
Would bear the spirit to the unknown dead ;  
Thus, fellow heirs of that immortal bliss,  
Which those, wherever found can never miss,  
Whose sole intention is to serve the Lord,  
For all his favors ardently ador'd.  
Would that the thought wrought powerfully on those  
Who feel the world is sunk in countless woes ;

That they would freely take the heavy cross,  
(In point of privilege 'twould involve a loss.)  
Of going where immured in deadly gloom,  
The pagan pants in fear of future doom :  
He, but the project has been seldom tried,  
Who has himself for Jesus Christ denied,  
May safely, and with every comfort blest,  
Live where the heathens roam in search of rest :  
The partner of his days with willing heart  
Would, if a christian, gladly do her part,  
To cheer his sojourn in a foreign land,  
Where nature smiles, and all the air is bland,—  
Where dress'd in beauty, all but man is blest,  
But sin has robed him in its sable vest.  
Why, let the blood bought christian tell us why !  
Must these, unblest, and uninstructed, die ?  
Shall exile for a purpose so sublime,  
To any district, or to any clime,  
Where man,—immortal man, in misery lives,  
Because without the balm the gospel gives,  
Be by the real philanthropist esteemed,  
Himself from equal vassalage redeem'd,  
An evil insurmountable and high,  
O'er which his faith attempts in vain to fly ?  
Can he avow attachment to his Lord,  
Who though by rapturous hosts on high ador'd  
Came freely down, and trod this sin-curs'd soil,  
Encountering hardship, poverty, and toil :

That those, to every good impression lost,  
Upon the billows of pollution tost,  
Beneath the frown of ever-ready ire,  
In hourly danger too of quenchless fire,  
And altogether such as pagans be,  
Might peace on earth, and ceaseless glory see ?  
Have such as will not aid in this sad case,  
The full enjoyments of supporting grace ?  
Have such the spirit which the Saviour show'd ?  
Is their's the zeal which in his bosom glow'd ?  
Benevolence is not beneath the poles,  
If not in those sincerely gracious souls  
On whom the Gospel's renovating might,  
Believingly received, has shed its light ;—  
By which the monster Selfishness is slain,  
That chief producer of all mental pain.

Servant of God ! suppose the period come,  
When gather'd millions wait their final doom,  
You see with terror, on that awful day,  
An host unnumber'd stand in dark array :  
You hear with horror in your inmost heart,  
The sentence on them from the Judge,—Depart !  
You feel,—yes then no soul will fail to feel,  
While Nature's works in consternation reel,  
That those *had* interests,—those had claims on you,  
Though *now* by art and sloth kept out of view :  
That voice which shakes the world from its sleep  
Will call up scenes o'er which the angels weep,—

Will spread the roll to universal light,—  
Fill'd with the names of heirs of endless night!  
Never till then, will many fully learn,  
That truth with which the sacred pages burn,—  
'That to himself no man entirely lives,'  
A fact the Bible most distinctly gives.  
Yet if no precepts were in scripture given  
To shew the will divine of ruling heaven,  
Examples largely would supply their place,  
To those instructed by enlightening grace.  
These plentifully were to us supplied,  
In ages when that dignity and pride,  
Which now so largely operate in those  
Who bear the cross, but fondly love repose,  
Were not so widely felt nor had such power,  
To swell to moment trifles of an hour!  
Could we peruse the records of the sky,  
Unnumber'd names would meet the grateful eye  
Of those by the Redeemer's sufferings bought,  
And from each nation under heaven brought,  
To see, and serve the Almighty Lord of all,—  
Of all above and on this earthly ball,  
By those whose days were one abiding aim  
To render God, and souls their righteous claim!

Still higher, Oh adoring muse, ascend,  
To HIM who did his gracious footsteps bend  
From worlds of radiance,—from immortal light,  
Where ceaseless glories swell upon the sight,

To this degraded vale of grief and tears,  
Where every object marks of misery bears !  
He, for the good, the peace, the life, the all,  
Pertaining to the welfare of the soul,  
Left freely,—eagerly his flaming throne,  
To bless a world in alienation gone ;  
Despis'd the ills which seem'd to block his way,  
Although a countless crowd around him lay !  
Robed in the nature, with the form of man,  
For the fulfilment of salvation's plan,  
The vestment of his godhead laid aside  
He humbly came to crush creation's pride :  
Though serv'd by millions, Lord supreme on high,  
He heard our planet's woe-expressing cry :  
Then flew to save it ere its doom was seal'd,  
Thence flow the gospel grace to all reveal'd !  
Was He an exile—did the world afford  
Aught higher to receive its legal Lord,  
Than would be fit to deepen that distress,  
Which does the stranger's throbbing soul oppress ?  
No ! though he came to visit,—to redeem  
Those which he could his own most justly deem,  
Yet cold indifference frown'd on every side—  
Men proved themselves with hellish fiends allied,  
Refus'd him favor, and with taunting scorn,  
Slighted the precious tidings by him borne.  
“ They knew him not ! ” yet strove with deadly strife  
To fill with pain his pure and blameless life !

If they knew not that He from God came down,  
Yet glaring guilt prepar'd the martyr's crown,  
With which their gory hands adorn'd his head,  
When no restraint was on their malice laid.  
O murder'd Saviour! let our lips express  
Perpetual praises,—how should they do less!  
For love surpassing mortal words, or thought,  
Which Thee to suffer from thy kingdom brought:  
Let hallelujahs flow in endless song,  
From every lyre,—from every moving tongue!


Stand, christian, on Golgotha's sacred hill,  
'Till soft emotions all your spirit fill,  
'Till in the melting heart affections rise,  
And find expression in your watery eyes:  
Gaze, and let faith direct your steady view,  
The state of man of every class and hue:  
Look! where the Sun rejoicing in his might,  
Effusing beams of ever flaming light,  
Where orient glories glittering as they fall,  
Illumine all things, but the human soul!  
*There* see the Indian toiling in the heat,  
His only aim to propagate and eat:  
Mark the proud Brahmin in indignant scorn,  
Treat those around him as if for him born:  
See the dark spell, like hell's most lurid cloud  
Inwrap them in its terrors, as a shroud!  
Look further there on land, and o'er the main,  
Where the false Prophet still attracts a train:



Millions enslav'd—by his delusion lost !  
The KORAN's precepts all their hope and boast ;  
All void of peace, of happiness, of rest,  
The christian's Lord with hatred they detest.  
Bear further still the dimly-seeing eye,  
To AFRIC's coast, where nameless myriads die ;  
Most by oppression—all in nature's doom,  
Their land and them involv'd in rayless gloom,  
At least till now—when glowing promise gives  
Rich hopes that smiling mercy for her lives !<sup>1</sup>  
Turn next your optics to the wintry coast,  
Where snows are moveless, where eternal frost  
Marks GREENLAND's little, all secluded band,  
Objects of pity, equall'd in no land !  
Pass o'er the waste to CHINA's clustering ground,  
Where millions more in moral night are found,  
There, throngs defying calculation's power,  
Their senseless idols for their souls implore,  
Themselves and country they adore and prize,  
As quite celestial, best beneath the skies :  
For them let Zion lift her drooping head,  
For her the Eternal has his arm display'd :  
Small, but yet noble is the first attempt,  
Let holy zeal preserve it from contempt !  
Vast countries bound in sin's vile fetters lie,  
Beneath the splendors of a milder sky :

<sup>1</sup> We refer to the success realized by the Independent and Wesleyan societies in the interior ; and to the auspicious commencement of a new Mission on the western coast by the Baptist Missionary Society, in 1842.

On Europe's map outstretch'd in dark array,  
Lo! nations prostrate, under papal sway,  
Sinking beneath delusion's deadly wave,  
By faith in follies which can never save :  
Victims of priestly artifice, and led  
By error to the " chambers of the dead "  
Disciple of the Lamb ! o'er all this scene,  
The promised empire of his grace is seen :  
Wait but awhile, and every lip shall speak  
That kingdom's glory *now* appearing weak ;  
Each cloud dispell'd, and all in vital love,  
Shall do his will as it is done above !  
*How?* by the church, the church of zealous saints,  
Which now without the toil supinely faints :  
Girt with the might Omnipotence can show,  
Each prayerful soul with energy shall glow ;  
Bow down for help, then rush the task to seize,  
Ten thousand vessels glitter on the seas,  
Their only freight the messengers who bear  
That truth through which the ready nations share  
That bliss, that joy, that purity, that heaven,  
Then to all flesh revealed and fully given !  
Yes ! friend of missions, thus the sequel ends,  
When the Redeemer in his power descends,  
To claim as his this universal frame,  
And teach all breathing to adore his name !  
Do you expect it ? Deem it then not hard  
In such a work, from ease to be debarr'd ;



But freely, yes, your spirits really yield  
To toil, to labour in the whitening field,—  
Become an exile! Emigrate and gain  
A home, or shelter, on some heathen plain;  
There as a lamp in lucent lustre drest,  
Diffuse that knowledge with which you are blest!  
Two sainted heralds may be here review'd,  
Each with undying love and zeal endued;  
BRAINERD, whose name e'er since he fell endears,  
(The son of sorrow, and the child of tears :)  
Holy and humble, 'twas his only care  
To toil for Christ, and pour believing prayer ;  
More than his fellows he employ'd his mind  
To civilize, as well as save mankind ;  
With the rude Indian, he enjoyed a home,  
Nor from his interests did his wishes roam :  
To him in hallow'd brotherhood allied,  
While common comforts were to him denied,  
His gracious life lent every precept aid,  
Conducing to the boundless good convey'd  
Through this apostle's labors, in a sphere  
Favor'd indeed, and for his memory dear.

Great VANDERKEMP, the honor of his age,  
May next appear some moments on the stage ;  
Points of resemblance mark the page of truth  
Between this hero, and the Hebrew youth :  
The former in the Afric wilds remain'd,  
By love of souls, and soul affairs constrain'd ;

Moses in Midian settl'd as for life,  
And ETHIOPIA gave to each a wife :  
Both in their early days were used to pore  
O'er books in search of supplemental lore ;  
Each had partaken of those luxuries known  
To such alone as have in affluence shone :  
Each had their virtues—these were nobly great,  
And both had talents suited for their fate :  
The gifted German might indeed have swerv'd  
From minor laws so carefully observ'd,  
By those who never fully learn'd the grace  
Which teaches, sin, can only men disgrace.  
High mid the choirs of glory's gracious throng  
Now join'd, they chant the sempiternal song !

Can Albion then, less happy lands befriend,  
Her own not injure,—their condition mend,  
By missions, by expatriation hence  
Where guardian spirits wait in sore suspense ?

When from her shores on idle pleasures bent,  
Her titl'd sons on pilgrimage are sent ;  
Laden with wealth, and by her vices stain'd,  
A curse at home could they have there remain'd :  
Such spread a withering curse wherever found,  
But do less evil on their native ground ;  
These have obstructed mercy's genial rays,  
Their dark example denser gloom conveys.

Scarce more productive of essential good  
Is emigration in pursuit of food :  
Thousands compell'd by poverty's hard woe,  
Unwillingly to distant districts go ;  
The major part who thus are sent abroad,  
Have only travell'd sin's destructive road :  
Impure their morals, ignorant their minds,  
Hard is the fate which such a race consigns  
To wander for a livelihood and home,  
Agents of evil whereso'er they come.  
None then as blessings, surely this is plain,  
Can cross for other isles, the azure main,  
But saints whose philanthropic bosoms burn  
To save that world o'er which their spirits mourn :  
'Twas thus when from Jerusalem dispers'd,  
Far in a world by pagan errors cur'd,  
The church in all her native beauty dress'd,  
Forgot her weakness, smil'd upon distress,  
March'd to the combat at her captain's word,  
Whose love approving, did its aid afford,  
'Till realms, where all was barrenness and death,  
Reviv'd beneath the Spirit's living breath :  
Swiftly the tidings of salvation reached  
Towns, villages, and countries where they preach'd ;  
They prov'd that, love to man their minds inspir'd,  
Exciting zeal which never flagg'd or tir'd,  
' They lived the gospel '—to its Author cleav'd,  
Did as he did, and thus were well received :

Fill'd with their spirit, Oh, that thousands now  
Would at the altar of Immanuel bow!—  
Would to the dying millions o'er the flood,  
Proclaim the knowledge of the only God!  
That would be emigration on a plan  
Pleasing to God, of lasting use to man!

Pure and exalted springs of pity rise  
Within the mural sapphire of the skies :  
Compassion dwells where sinless spirits sing,  
This bends to earth the living angel's wing ;  
Their home—its endless and unmingl'd joys,  
Their bliss—which time nor lessens, nor destroys,  
Might generate inducements to remain  
Far from the sound and sight of mortal pain ;  
Yet gentle kindness every bosom fills,  
(Its impulse powerful on celestial hills,)  
Tempts from these holy heights, a gracious band,  
To soothe the griefs and woes of this vile land !  
Hither they travel through unbounded space,  
The messengers of mercy and of grace ;  
Hither from realms, through which they wing'd their flight,  
Arrayed in vestments of effulgent light,  
They come, and linger from their native home,  
Where men unmindful of their presence roam,  
Gaze on their misery, lend them constant aid  
Unseen, lest those they help, by fear dismay'd,  
Should lose their favors, and with terror press'd,  
Repulse the friends by whom their state is bless'd !

Regions as dark and desolate as ours,  
O'er which the cloud of angry vengeance lowers,  
Where moaning anguish strikes her bleeding breast,  
Where Nature's features piercing pangs attest,  
Form not a scene to allure the happy trains,  
Who own the beauteous, ever vernal plains !  
Loud lamentations howling through the scene,  
Speak in its language the results of sin,  
Peal harshly, and discordant on the ears  
Of visitants descended from the spheres ;  
Yet mark the overflowing rush of love  
Which urge them gladly from the courts above ;  
Grateful that God has given them all their bliss,  
They come that man may not his portion miss ;  
Thus to our interests favorable and kind,  
They minister in mercy to mankind :  
Long intervals from glory's pure domains,  
They thus abide where human misery reigns,  
Exiles from thence, but freely for our sake,  
And hence we of their services partake !  
Oh, church redeem'd ! these unredeemed hosts  
To aid thee, leave the immaterial coasts ;  
Sail o'er the golden floods, and reach these shores  
To lessen woe, their gentle love deplores.

Hail sacred strangers ! wholly welcome here,  
Reluming and compassionate your care :  
Ingrate and worthless is our guilty race,  
Sunk underneath dishonor and disgrace ;

Still watch around our tents, and ever keep  
The saints in peace, when blasting tempests sweep.  
E'er long from earth, shall renovated throngs  
Arise and join your never-ceasing songs !

Why dwell thus on a mission from on high,  
Have men relation to the distant sky ?  
Can souls immur'd in tenements of clay,  
Bear contrast with the spotless sons of day ?  
Yes ! though a higher grade, and favor'd more  
With grace, with wisdom, intellect, and power ;  
They only serve the Being near his throne,  
To man by revelation really known ;  
They bend upon the pavement of the skies,—  
Man from the dust, adoring, lifts his eyes ;  
No change awaits them, nor disturbing fears,  
But man has both, through all his tedious years ;  
Yet the one motive whence obedience flows,  
Is *love* below, and where the seraph glows !  
Rend but the veil which glory's state conceals,  
The purple tide of life with awe congeals :  
Our trembling spirits shudder as they gaze,  
The swelling wonders of the crimson blaze ;  
Yet *there* ! let faith receive the gladdening sound,  
Our future home—our destiny is found !  
One family—by separation rent,  
Shall, when the life allotted here is spent,  
Their elder brethren, all delighted greet,  
Where saints with angels in their mansions meet !



Let, then, the same untiring—melting zeal,  
As that these ministers of mercy feel,  
Inflame our bosoms,—bear us on the road,  
That leads to them, and to our Father, God !

The vivid visions of the Bible page,  
Which bear the thoughts to that resplendent age,  
When all things render'd new—shall give the eye  
A tearless world, beneath a cloudless sky :  
Propose a prospect—all in radiance drest,  
When earth array'd in its Millennial vest  
Shall have these agents all engag'd below,  
' While sweet salvation's rivers overflow ;'  
It shall resemble fairer worlds above,  
And that first principle of life, immortal love,  
Have full control—annihilating all  
The mundane miseries springing from the Fall !

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Eulogy  
on  
Cooper.



## EULOGY ON COWPER.

“The most popular poet of his generation; the best letter-writer in the English language.”

SOUTHEY.

Muse, lave thy pinions in yon crystal streams,  
Then soar and spread them to the solar beams;  
Remain aloft—in purest ether breathe,  
Inhaling vigor for thy task beneath;  
Mantl'd in azure, lo! a Genius stands,  
Parnassian roses clustering in her hands;  
She forms a wreath, behold it smiling laid  
With gratulations on great Cowper's head!  
A bard, for whose imperishable lays,  
Too little is a nation's grateful praise.  
A bard whose healthful influence shall reach  
The latest period poetry shall teach:  
A preacher of those truths on which depend  
Peace through our days, and safety in the end:  
The friend, the wise instructor of mankind,  
Faithful and generous, talented, and kind;

His purity and truth secure him fame,  
And unborn ages will revere his name :  
Adown the stream of Time his works descend,  
And will be read till time itself shall end ;  
He cannot be forgotten while men give  
Attention to that faith by which they live :  
He cannot be neglected, till men yield  
To infidels, religion's hallow'd field,  
In which he stood contending for that truth  
He warmly lov'd, and cherished from his youth :  
He shall be honoured, till his faith pervades  
All public life, and sanctifies the shades :  
This it must do e'er Christ the Lord shall reign  
King of our world, and it be good again !

England, impress'd with all we deem sublime,  
Is gemm'd with names revered in every clime :  
Whose characters magnificently grand,  
Reflect a radiance on their native land ;  
The value of whose splendid works in lore,  
Is known and felt on every peopl'd shore :  
In every science which has found a name,  
Her sons have won an ample share of fame :  
It is a fact—for which the proofs exist  
That so prolific is the honor'd list ;  
So numerous, 'and it must yield Britons joy,'  
An ordinary life might find employ,  
E'er it a full acquaintance could attain  
With those, whose lives are written and remain.

Yet—and the statement moves the christian's soul,  
Comparatively few found on the roll,  
Have in Religion's cause their talents spent,  
Though the chief purpose for which these were lent :  
But Cowper, on whose works is stamped the praise,  
To this, devoted his delightful lays ;  
For this he struck his mellifluous lyre,  
And sung those strains the wise and good admire.  
Come then, my reader, let us calmly view  
A poet's youth, whose every page is true.

Happy and honoured must those parents be,  
If they are virtuous, who their offspring see,  
In childhood give a promise that their days  
Will be devoted to their Maker's praise.  
Thrice happy, if in riper youth is seen  
Settled aversion to the snares of sin ;  
Adhesion to those principles which give  
The saint that glory for which all should live,  
To serve JEHOVAH, and for him expend  
Existence, and thus realise the end,—  
The one sole end for which by gracious heaven,  
Birth, time and talents are to mortals given.  
Little is known, nor can inquiry find,  
Of those vast blessings brought upon mankind,  
By that rich influence often brought to bear  
On infant minds, beneath maternal care :  
No merely human power can more effect,  
And none more worthy of supreme respect.

Her task—the means by which her babes are blest,  
Begins, while yet they hang upon her breast :  
Taught by her tongue, the little prattler speaks,  
When struggling nature, nature's silence breaks ;  
Her actions, and the language of her eye,  
Have oft instructed men to live and die :  
The sweet remembrance never wholly leaves,  
But through our days to grateful memory cleaves.  
Cowper, till Memory dipp'd her roll in death,  
Retained the names of those who gave him breath ;  
In deepest veneration they were kept,  
Till in the grave's forgetfulness he slept :  
Read it, for purer feeling never flowed  
Since filial love in human bosoms glowed,  
Affection—fine affection, marks the whole,  
The rich effusion of a burdened soul,  
Conspicuous in those lines, by all beloved,  
The portrait of a long lost mother moved !  
Mere painting, giddy fancy's trifling play,  
Intended for amusement and display,  
May glitter more, but here a charm is *felt*,  
Which does the heart in sweet compunction melt ;  
'Tis childhood, lovely childhood, which appears,  
And filial kindness smiling yet in tears.  
What tearless eye, what mind but in distress,  
E'er viewed that tender—beautiful address,  
Where all is found, which can the passions move,  
Each line is music—every word is love.

My mother—those who slight that precious name,  
Richly deserve the pangs of endless shame :  
A mother !—those who still the privilege share,  
Of her dear counsels, and assiduous care,  
Should (for the action must their spirits bless,)  
That best of friends with constant love caress ;  
Cheer the sad period of declining years,  
And charm with kindness all her restless cares,—  
A mother gone !—“ but passed into the skies,”—  
Ah, speak the blissful thought with swimming eyes !  
What scene so sacred, so sublimely sweet,  
As when a mother, and her children meet,  
All safely landed on the eternal shore,  
And separation feared and felt no more !  
Aim at this glory—living parents, kind,  
Your children’s safety make your chief design :  
Bless by example—scripture precepts give,  
And for so great a purpose deign to live,  
Ye cheerful youth—this prize is held to view,  
And may, if really sought, be found by you :  
You love your parents, but, the Saviour love,  
And you shall meet them in the realms above !

’Tis to the honor of the use of rhyme,  
That men, with minds and talents so sublime,  
As POPE and COWPER, each himself a host,  
Their country’s triumph and its lasting boast,  
Should each have hallowed with a meed of praise,  
A mother’s love—so worthy of their lays.



It is so, if to obey the given laws  
Of him who made us may obtain applause !

Wild vagaries often float in sapient brains,  
O'er which a scholar's lively fancy reigns ;  
But more absurd ne'er yet possess'd the mind,  
Or farther from truth's most distended line,  
Than that of Cowper's ever-pressing woes ;  
*Religion !* was the sole and moving cause ;  
Here stumbling error has itself out-done,  
And webs of blind and stupid folly spun.  
*Religion !* balm of every humble heart,  
Piercing his bosom with a poisoned dart ?  
*Religion !* which irradiates the tomb,  
In him the author of habitual gloom ?  
*Religion !* secret of the hymning skies,  
From him extracting never-ceasing sighs ?  
*Religion !* generous charm of every grief,  
Denying him a single hour's relief ?  
*Religion !* source to all of perfect rest,  
A fount of torments in his gentle breast ?  
*Religion !* soaring as a Cherub's flight,  
Oppressing him as with a mountain's weight ?  
*Religion !* antidote to every pain,  
To him more bitter than a demon's chain ?  
*Religion !* from which joy derives its birth,  
Afflicting him with hell upon the earth ?  
*Religion !* gem of heaven's pellucid light,  
Involving him in more than ten-fold night ?

Religion ! that from which alone he found,  
The only peace he had on earthly ground,  
Charg'd as the cause of all his sore distress !  
Speak ! sainted spirit, and the truth express,  
The hateful and malignant charge deny,  
Show that it taught thee how to live and die ;  
How, that it led thee to a pitying God,  
Through the blest medium of a Saviour's blood ;  
How that it led thee, glory to desire,  
And warm'd thy spirit with celestial fire ;  
How it secured thee when thy end was near,  
And bore thee to the God thou lovest here !

Then, sceptic, place no more your angry blame  
Upon religion's pure and spotless name.  
*You* know, possessor of a thinking mind,  
That he had one susceptible and kind :  
That *love*, the strongest passion mortals know,  
Found him obedient to its iron law ;  
Extracted more than such a soul could spare,  
And for refusal doomed him to despair !  
Thus quite unfit, for all but solitude,  
Unfeeling friends expected that he should  
Engage an office—in itself alone,  
Sufficient for a man who ne'er had known  
Aught to molest him, save a college course,  
Unstung by disappointment's dire remorse ;  
Love reached the depths, the centre of his soul,  
O'erwhelm'd his reason, and secured his fall.

His Delia, (let disputing critics fight,  
Thus thinks the author if he be not right,)  
Was the sole cause of all the deadly strife,  
That fill'd his mind through all his chequer'd life ;  
Here was the poison which his spirit drunk,  
This was the burden under which he sunk.     .  
His mental vision saw one peerless face,  
In that lov'd image bloom'd resistless grace :  
One name had music, and its melting strain  
Some moments charm'd, then fill'd his days with pain ;  
His bleeding bosom shook with love's alarms,  
And only wish'd for Theodora's charms ;  
Unearthly softness fill'd her swimming eyes,  
And he deplored her with perpetual sighs :  
Yet asked in vain the object of his choice,  
Unkindness check'd him with its demon voice,  
And doomed a life, which bless'd the world below,  
To the endurance of incessant woe.  
Sweet bard ! if souls as great as thine had been  
In this sad vale, but only oftener seen,  
Grief like thine own, we oftener far should see,  
And thou wouldst share a larger sympathy ;  
But with the most, the money is the prize,  
Or something worse affection's place supplies ;  
They wed, because kind parents will approve,  
And mutual loathing feel instead of love ;—  
Reward the priest, in haste to grasp the fees,  
For placing them upon a rack for ease ;

Thus yok'd as oxen, on they toil together,  
And with as much affection for each other !

What'er the cause, 'twas dreadful, this is plain,  
A single glance gives kindred spirits pain.  
Grief fully held dominion o'er his soul,  
Unhappy sufferer, 'neath its deadly thrall !  
Remedial measures had indeed effect,  
And saved his noble mind from total wreck ;  
But though elaborate were the attempts of art,  
They did not, could not reach his wounded heart.  
There deeply seated lay the secret cause,  
Beyond the skill of scientific laws.  
To move it, till its victim lost its breath,  
And heard the soothing requiem of death,  
Was quite above the bounds of human means,  
Great as those evils are their power restrains.  
'Twas not as vigorous ignorance oft has said,  
Mere weakness, common to a poet's head ;  
'Twas woe intense, its centre was his breast,  
Thence flow'd the anguish which his life distrest.

There live a class, and numerous are they found,  
Who deem themselves philosophers profound ;  
Their hearts are marble, equal feeling glows  
Within their breasts as mid eternal snows :  
Wholly accomplished, save in nature's school,  
But her soft dictates they refuse in full !  
Another class less pompous, not less vain,  
And equally untouched by grief or pain,

Their hearts, the fire excepted, are like steel,  
Obtuse and flinty, nor have learnt to feel ;  
Such pregnant terms as sympathy and love,  
Will touch them when the rocks and mountains move :  
They mourn for loss of cash and land alone,  
Higher and purer objects are unknown.  
Others are found, and these are not a few,  
Who feel as much, as oft, and just as you :  
Are joyful, nervous, sorrowful and gay,  
A hundred times by turns, in the same day :  
Whose sentimental sickly tempers show,  
Their puny thoughts are govern'd by no law :  
To listen to them, is to lend your aid  
To feed the foibles of a brainless head.  
Of all the engagements which keep minds from rust,  
To hear such talk, excites the most disgust :  
Not that indifference to their case is right,  
Or that we should afflicted misery slight ;  
But persons who are pleased, when they complain,  
Inflict much more than they endure of pain !  
Cowper's complaints were Nature's genuine sighs,  
'Twas her own sorrow which suffused his eyes ;  
Half that he suffered, is to us unknown,  
His guardian angel saw the whole alone :  
His groans were not proportion'd to his grief,  
Nor yet from men expected he relief.  
Divine displeasure seemed to have sealed the skies,  
And the Eternal deaf to all his cries ;

While gathering terrors on his spirit lay,  
And hope refused to lend him aid to pray :  
No guilty murmurings struggled on his tongue,  
When keen despair his peaceless bosom stung ;  
He knew, would that all patients knew the same !  
That creatures may not their Creator blame :  
That though God's ways are intricate to man,  
Yet all are based and managed on a plan  
Of perfect wisdom—and its whole design  
Worthy its author—the Omniscient mind !  
Thus as a vessel tost by boiling waves,  
Is safely harbour'd by the hand that saves ;  
Loud was the storm, and high the tempest rode,  
Yet he had refuge 'neath the wings of God !

Far spread the name, but very great the dearth  
Of real friendship on this heartless earth,  
More precious than a mine of Indian ore,  
Is one firm friend if man can find no more ;  
Our poet needed friendship's balmy care,  
And providence sent him an ample share :  
When those repulsed, who little knew his worth,  
And sympathy seem'd to have flown from earth :  
His *Unwin* friends, in marble carve their name,  
Its doom'd to enjoy a never-fading fame,  
Received him, and with unremitting love,  
(Rarely beheld or shewn except above ;)  
Becalm'd his passage o'er life's foaming flood,  
And cheer'd him till his spirit fled to God.

With them unvetted with even common cares,  
He passed some useful, but embittered years.  
Like holy Watts, thus with retirement blest,  
His ardent mind, for mind can never rest,  
From deep resources rich materials drew,  
And light o'er many a splendid subject threw.  
Sublime their labours—well employed their days,  
Great were their efforts—great has been their praise:  
Malice with sulphurous breath has tried in vain,  
Their fragrant names and memories to stain.  
Few can conceive whose knowledge is not rife,  
The great advantage of a peaceful life;  
For that sweet toil peculiar to the mind,  
To which the flowery virgins have been kind:  
By muttering streams, and in the silent shades,  
Fame has been won which never—never fades.  
Here SHENSTONE, COWLEY, WHITE and THOMPSON found  
Vent for a talent fair, if not profound;  
But Cowper more than these, and such as these  
When blessed with quiet, solitude and ease,  
Gave up to Nature's dictates all his heart,  
And felt the influence which her works impart;  
Himself the master of the art he proved,  
And served devoutly well the cause he loved.  
A rural life a thousand charms retains,  
And in its walks contentment chiefly reigns.  
The scene is rural where dear Cowper lent  
His life to virtue, and existence spent:

Thoughtful, while tears of grateful wonder roll'd,  
Alone, or with his friends he often stroll'd,  
Where the pellucid Ouse in silence steals  
Its silver circuit through the listening dales :  
Minute attention fixed his patient eye,  
While fancy fed on every tint and dye :  
Drank the ambrosial drops of pearly dew,  
Which deck the morning in its richest hue ;  
Or raptured lay within some fragrant shade,  
While odoriferous breezes fann'd the glade :  
Streamlets and lakes, and gently purling rills,  
Mountains and valleys, and heath-cover'd hills :  
The alcove, garden, and the flowery lawn,  
When by his tender,—touching pencil drawn,  
Seem full of grandeur—so superbly fine,  
As to be worthy of a hand divine ;  
A scene on Eden's lovely model made,  
Which countless beauties compass and pervade.  
But though description breathes upon his page,  
And on his theme our every thought engage,  
As some enriching rivulet winds its way,  
Throughout a landscape picturesque and gay :  
Diffusing far and wide its precious stores,  
Upon the joyful fields which gird its shores ;  
So may we trace distinctly on his ream,  
Truth flowing onwards in a golden stream.

Cowper, more than all poets kept in view,  
That not the dazzling blessings, but the true ;



To profit, was his ever constant aim,  
An author's laurels in his just esteem.  
That which is good for him had ceaseless charms,  
That which was evil fill'd him with alarms :  
He mourned to see man from true honor hurl'd,  
And wept in anguish o'er a prostrate world ;  
He could not—conscious of immortal being,  
Have sported with it, for he hated sin :  
Saw it an evil to the last degree,  
The cause of mortal pain and misery ;  
And while his faith a future state beheld,  
For millions lost his heart in sorrow swelled ;—  
Hence he, in every glance he took of man,  
Saw richer wisdom in the gospel plan.  
Though well he knew 'twould rouse indignant scorn,  
(A fate the friends of truth have ever borne ;)  
He boldly shew'd that those who heaven would gain,  
Could not, and might not in their crimes remain ;  
And with a boldness worthy of a Paul,  
Declar'd the cross of JESUS, all in all.  
His own sure hopes were fix'd upon this rock,  
And error never moved him with a shock ;  
Where he had tasted happiness and peace,  
To forward others never did he cease ;  
This,—which to him imparted holy joy,  
Was his, and was his Saviour's chief employ ;  
All that he did, was done without display,  
And here indeed his gift peculiar lay.

His writings breathe a spirit full of love,  
Sweet as the odours wafted from above,  
Inspire the soul with faith's exalted fires,  
And give to hope the impetus it requires.  
Clear are his statements of eternal truth,  
Fit to instruct both hoary age and youth :  
Meet for the christian, food for an holy mind,  
His matter sacred, and his manner kind ;  
Riches obtained from Zion's glittering store,  
Equally needed by the rich and poor.  
Lessons full fraught with sentiment divine  
Adapted to support a deathless mind :  
He knew the path that led the soul to God,  
And way marks fix'd upon the sacred road,  
Told of its snares, and cautions good supplied,  
Unfolding ills by which the saint is tried ;  
Pointed to Him from whom our help is found,  
His views enlightened, and his judgment sound.  
He, from his Bible, learn't the whole he taught,  
And from on high for guidance freely sought ;  
His thoughts are powerful, and attention claim,  
A master mind pervades his every theme :  
The reader learns from every line and page,  
While truths sublime, his thoughtful mind engage.  
Topics momentous crowd the wondering eyes ;  
Awful appeals prompt heart-improving sighs ;  
The soul is melted, and each gushing tear,  
Bespeaks an influence all unearthly near.

We feel as if *his* sainted spirit stood,  
And the whole scene in solemn stillness viewed,  
His power to please, to humble, to impress  
Moveless attention and delight confess.

None but that class whose principles are vile,  
Refuse approval of his thoughts or style;  
Such from mere sensual folly feel no gust  
For works too pure to fan their morbid lust,—  
Too wise and liberal for their dark design  
To taint with evil every human mind;  
All but the name of virtue to destroy,  
And make man's ruin their entire employ.  
Such scribes abound, and reading, can't approve  
An author fit the world itself to improve;  
Hence for his goodness they his labours slight,  
Preferring darkness to ennobling light:  
The praise of such on any work implies  
'Tis filled with error, sophistry, or lies;  
So when they curse, consider it a sign  
The book they blot is fit to bless mankind;  
'Tis such as these this scriptural bard despise,  
And from his precious pages turn their eyes;  
Dupes of delusion, they on ruin fly,  
And doom'd to tenfold misery, blindly die!

That sketchy pencil Cowper so well drew,  
Gave every subject, truth's peculiar hue;

Few who have read, but vividly retain  
The rosy links which form the magic chain  
Of bright ideas, clear as morning rays,  
Which cluster in his sweetly solemn lays !  
To him, 'tis easy to resign the mind,  
We see he lov'd, we feel he knew mankind :  
The energy which breathes in every line,  
When the muse warbles on a theme divine,  
Demands the heart, and calls its thoughts away,  
And fits it to reflect, adore, and pray ;  
No trifler's eye can linger on his page,  
If serious subjects can his mind engage,  
Without those pangs which tell his anxious soul,  
That loss of mercy is the loss of all !  
No poet dulls so little, or affords  
So much, that with man's common sense accords :  
It may be doubt'd, if a sober mind  
Could in his works a single sentence find,  
If understood, which does not to his view  
Appear, at once, both rational and true ;  
Nor will one critic fault him who intends  
A higher object than his private ends ;  
While thousands fill'd with pleasure, must confess  
His aim was pure, and that it had success :  
That he attain'd, what seldom writers can,  
That sacred spell which pains, yet profits man ;  
The charm that gives both grief and joy to rise,  
And brings the soul familiar with the skies.

Upon my pillow when expecting death,  
And last adieus employ my frozen breath,  
Let Cowper's volumes in attendance lie,<sup>1</sup>  
To soothe me as I droop my head and die!  
And let me if I reach the heavenly shore,  
Hold converse with him, and with him adore!  
And hear the harp, none sweeter breathes above!  
With which he lauds and sings eternal love.


The gifts of men the learned world esteems,  
Though their possessor trifles, or but dreams;  
Genius is lauded, though it laughs at all  
Most precious to the interests of the soul;  
And wit however wicked, has its share  
Of grateful homage for its flash and glare.  
Why should not grace which fits the gifted mind,  
For all the good for which it is designed:  
Which amplifies the heart, and guides the pen  
To themes best suited to the state of men,  
Have our esteem, our homage, and our love!  
Should not its claims our cold affection move?  
Can gifts do good where grace has been withheld,  
Have not such minds with proud conceptions swell'd?  
Has not the mischief-spreading quill impos'd  
Half of the ills to which we are expos'd?  
Can calculation number up the score  
Of evils springing from its deadly power?

<sup>1</sup> The writer would be understood to refer here to Cowper's original pieces only; and chiefly to those precious productions of his muse:—Truth, Hope, and Charity.

No ! volumes charg'd with infamy and sin,  
The chief seducers of mankind have been ;  
Read by the thoughtless, bosom'd by the vain,  
They fill the head, the imagination stain ;  
Corrupt the heart, and plague with evils rife,  
The closing scenes of many a wretched life !  
Religion would have hinder'd this, and blest  
With principles more pure ; and these confest,  
Would have afford'd light, and taught the way  
In which the world its Author must obey ;  
Taught that obedience which insures below,  
The largest bliss with which the breast can glow.  
How faulty !—o'er them mourning memory weeps !  
Are those whose footsteps mark Parnassian steeps.  
Few of the tuneful sons of song can be  
Consider'd from the charge of folly free :  
Their pages gleam with beauty, and inspire  
The coldest reader really to inspire ;  
Yet scatter'd through the ream are ever found,  
Despite of wit, and words of charming sound,  
Impure ideas, thoughts which glow and burn  
With that from which the wise their optics turn.  
Melodious verse, thus easily allures  
The unguarded mind, and then its harm insures.  
'Tis true the poet has a world, not known  
To other men, in which he moves alone ;  
But as a patriot, let him give the clime,  
Its real position on the map of Time :

Let the sweet art to which he gives his days,  
Declare itself deserving human praise !  
Cowper did this, to him its justly due,  
To own he ever kept this end in view :  
His gifts were splendid, but the special grace  
Which sanctified them, gives his name a place  
In the affections of a numerous tribe,  
Who him preserve, but other bards proscribe.

Go, gentle reader, carefully peruse  
The rare productions of his vigorous muse ;  
On any piece your learned skill engage,  
For hallow'd influence dwells in every page,  
And you will find—your judgment being sound,—  
The richest pasture of poetic ground.  
There you may pass delighted and at ease,  
Through scenes of luxury which can only please.  
Like some fair island of the Southern main,  
Where spicy zephyrs warm the flowery plain ;  
Where Nature smiles her bounties to dispense,  
And spread a feast to satiate every sense ;  
So the Cowperian Muse, with magic wand  
Adorns with countless gems her happy land ;  
With rich luxuriance robes the laughing soil,  
And shews how fruitful was her gracious toil.  
Or should you courteous reader, rather choose  
To feast your mind and memory with prose,  
Turn to his Essays, and his Letters read,  
In them his talents largely are display'd ;



His lively fancy, sober sense, and wit,  
 The tender pathos mellowing all he writ;  
 His keen, yet clear reflections, and his skill,  
 The generous feeling trembling on his quill;  
 His nice discernment, and descriptive traits,  
 Have equal vigor here, as in his lays:  
 His dread of evil, and the mental pain  
 Which gives the tone, the interest of his strain;  
 His reverence for the NAME SUPREME, and love  
 For all below, and views of things above;  
 His earnest and refined affection shewn,  
 The blandness which so finely in him shone;  
 His freedom from the trammels of his sect,  
 His simple style scarce mark'd by one defect,  
 Combin'd, affords the tasteful mind in full,  
 "The feast of reason, and the flow of soul,"  
 Will touch the passions, melt the steely breast,  
 And speak the grace with which the scribe was blest.<sup>2</sup>  
 His life, indeed, a mystery appears,  
 One rayless scene of dark despair and tears;  
 Yet where, in all biography, is found  
 A case for admiration more profound,  
 Than that supplied in Cowper's gloomy course,  
 Robed as it was in anguish and remorse?

2 "I have always considered the letters of Mr. Cowper as the finest specimen of the epistolary style in our language; and these appear to me of a superior description to the former, possessing as much beauty with more piety and pathos. To an air of inimitable ease and carelessness, they unite a high degree of correctness, such as could result only from the clearest intellect, combined with the most finished taste. I have scarcely found a single word which is capable of being exchanged for a better."—Robert Hall. (Works, 4th vol.)



Have nobler feelings ever been display'd,  
(Let human records be with care survey'd,)   
Than those which carried to the peasant's door,  
This lowly bard, to give him of his store ?  
He gave, though small his means, with ready hand,  
" True ! but far greater names adorn our land,"  
Exclaims the reader, " can it really be,  
That HOWARD's name escapes your memory ?  
That THORNTON, and a numerous host beside,  
Who open'd sluices for the golden tide ;  
Who scatter'd more, expended larger wealth,  
Reliev'd the homeless, gave the sufferer health :  
Earn'd homage from the wonder-stricken mind,  
And purchas'd fame as lovers of mankind."   
All praise to such ! yes, honor and a name ;  
But firm remains our poet's lawful claim,  
To be admir'd for countless acts of love,  
With which like Him, who now's enthron'd above,  
He trod with patience virtue's thorny way,  
And mark'd with blessings every rolling day ;  
Unknown to all but Heaven, and the distress'd,  
Are half the deeds with which the poor were blest,  
Through Cowper's bounty, silent as the dews,  
And such as they in value, and in use !

Is friendship noble ? Faithful friendship high ?  
A plant whose native soil is yonder sky !  
Do those who yield their bosoms to its sway,  
And prove their firmness, through life's varied day,

Find sympathy, command respect and awe ?  
They do ; 'tis with superior minds a law :  
Let Olney's Bard, then, have a liberal part,  
He had a warm and amiable heart ;  
The names of Hayley, Newton, and the rest,  
For they were many who were freely blest  
With his acquaintance, loudly speak to all  
The sterling virtues of his guileless soul ;  
They saw, and loved, review'd and still admir'd,  
A life the witness never cloy'd nor tir'd ;  
Were better'd by the example which he show'd,  
And shar'd the fire with which his spirit glow'd ;  
Rever'd in days serene, and when he fell,  
They felt affection's soft emotions swell  
Their hearts with pity, and that pungent pain,  
Which friends sincere, and those alone attain ;  
Their history, all the features of the case,  
Were nature's mantle, and religion's grace !

Do minds which burst indignantly the chain,  
(With Freedom's ardor, and a just disdain,)  
The galling fetters, and restrictive bands  
Which partisans have forg'd with grimy hands,  
Deserve approval ? yes, and Cowper's share  
Is great and splendid, for he had no fear  
Of priestly censure, of the frown of those,  
Who liberal feelings in exclusion lose ;

Though malice grinn'd, and despotism rag'd,  
He enter'd, yes, he enter'd, and engag'd  
The humble dome where pious rustics sought  
By prayer, that God whose love his bosom fraught :  
*His* friends were his for merit's sake alone,  
Love for a sect was weakness unknown,  
Of that envenom'd and malignant kind,  
Which lauds a few, and vilifies mankind ;  
He knew, (would that the knowledge might extend !)  
That perfect love is piety's chief end.

Behold the picture ! but my efforts fail,—  
The sketch imperfect, and the tints too pale :  
Description faints, yet what is written portrays  
A man 'tis wise to love, and fame to praise.  
Great is the honour which his works have gain'd,  
Nor small the favour which they have retain'd ;  
Yet greater still awaits them as their doom,—  
Far nobler laurels of a fairer bloom ;  
Down to that distant and resplendent age,  
When themes immortal every mind engage,  
His volumes pass, diffusing rich delight,  
Till heaven's last star has shed its final light ;  
Till the judicial trump death's slumbers break,  
He, by his works, celestial truth shall speak.

Genius of Olney's hallow'd shades inspire  
The mournful strains which tremble on my lyre ;  
Aid me to sing amid these gushing tears,  
The painful hour which clos'd thy poet's years :—  
He died desponding ! all was sad and dull,  
When Mercy's chariot fetch'd his gentle soul ;  
Clouds, fully blacken'd, o'er the sufferer hung,  
While death's cold hand, with final anguish, wrung  
His sinking frame, and gave the ask'd relief  
From every woe,—from every throbbing grief :  
Mute wonder and adoring silence spoke  
Thanks to the hand which rent the mortal yoke,  
Which freed a soul too pure for scenes below,  
And bore it up where ceaseless glories glow.  
Ah, weep no more, his lurid fears are gone,  
Despair has left him, sorrow is unknown ;  
No sickening dread, no harrowing throes above,  
No pangs to pierce, no bitterness to move ;  
No anxious wishes, no corroding cares,  
No separation, no lamenting tears :  
He's happy now, mid streams of vital joy,  
Where all is bliss, and bliss without alloy ;  
He's peaceful now, and all his troubles o'er,  
The storm is hush'd, the vessel on the shore ;  
He's sat'd now, each object of his hope  
Is gained, and tasted with unbounded scope ;  
He's suited now, his element is found,  
Congenial spirits walk the heavenly ground ;

He's joyful now, loud hallelujahs roll  
From his sweet harp,—from his enraptur'd soul;  
He's there for ever, weep, Oh muse, no more,  
But for his mantle (precious boon) implore,  
Or seek a humbler gift,—to live, as he,  
Worthy of life—of immortality.

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**The Village**

**Pastor.**



## THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

(A SKETCH OF THE REV. CORNELIUS WINTER.)

"The greatest preferment under Heaven is, to be an able, painful, faithful, successful, cast-out minister of the New Testament."

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

"Slow rises worth by poverty depressed,"  
The dictum of a man with wisdom bless'd,<sup>1</sup>  
Of him, and of deserving numbers more,  
If evidence convinces, this is sure.  
As in the valleys of our earth are found,  
The richest beauties which adorn the ground,  
So thence, though lowly in their native state,  
The world is favor'd with the good and great;  
Their spirits noble, and their gifts divine,  
But chill'd by penury they in anguish pine,—  
Struggle through life in poverty and pain,  
The objects of some pamper'd fool's disdain;

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Samuel Johnson.



Thus wasted are their slowly moving years,  
Blasted and blighted by incessant cares,  
'Till having woo'd, with many a plaintive sigh,  
A single glance from Fame's regardless eye ;  
Despairing,—and sweet hope for ever flown,  
They pass unpitied into worlds unknown.  
Thus dim'd the purest intellectual light,  
Thus sinks a spirit of ethereal might ;  
Although a claim to its esteem was theirs,  
The world denied them even relenting tears ;  
Years fly, and then aroused by conscious shame,  
Affecting sorrow, it revives their name ;  
Thus COLLINS fell, and since, his gifted lays  
Have been begrim'd with much unmeaning praise !

A better fate awaits those happy beings,  
Whose souls are fired with Calvery's awful scenes,  
Who deem the mercy and the varied good,  
Which present life, and life to come include,  
The one great blessing of a ransom'd soul,  
Worthy their powers, their talents, and their all :  
Who therefore give to God, as his just claim,  
Lives pregnant with the elements of fame ;  
Acting in all with things divine in view,  
Humble and wise, magnanimous and true ;  
Their principles above the worldling's scorn,  
Are never from their guileless bosoms torn ;  
Their only purpose and habitual aim,  
Honor and homage to JEHOVAH's name.

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Of such was WINTER ! humble was his birth,  
Yet born to be a blessing to the earth ;  
In infancy, and through maturer years,  
Hearts only loved him, full of carping cares :  
No college lent its salutary aid,  
Or tried its magic influence on his head !  
His mind uncultur'd—gifts and genius slept,  
And sordid labor, him in bondage kept :  
As if neglect and ignorance, and toil,  
Were not enough his feeble hopes to foil,  
Inhuman usage, and perpetual strife,  
Destroyed the comforts of his early life.

The time however, came, that WINTER gave  
His heart to Jesus, who alone can save :  
His character thence, wears a different hue,  
And as a saint, we bring him into view.  
Scarce is he seen, e'er yet his patron kind,  
Lo ! WHITEFIELD enters, friend of all mankind !  
Hail honored servant of the King of kings,  
Thy fragrant name—celestial odour brings.  
Thy splendid triumphs in the gospel field,  
If but remember'd, themes for wonder yield.  
Happy the church if it had bid thee speed,  
If to thy counsels, it had given heed.  
Thrice happy land, if it could only boast  
Of such as thee, though but a feeble host !  
But thou art gone ! thy active spirit now  
Immersed in radiance, does in glory bow.

An angel—could it wish a mortal's throne,  
Declining others—must desire thine own.  
Thou favorite! even in heaven prolong thy praise,  
Thy fame's too weighty for these artless lays!

Beneath this mighty preacher's prudent care,  
The youthful WINTER, had a privilege rare :  
Untaught in science, but inspir'd with zeal,  
Though deemed a loss, 'twas an advantage real.  
He gained a sense of truth's enlarged design,  
As God's appointed message to mankind ;  
Which duly press'd upon a world in death,  
Diffuses life by heaven's renewing breath,  
Spreads light through all the gloomy realms of sin,  
Saves precious souls and changes all the scene.  
Oh, that mysterious science seldom known !  
So rarely by the ablest writers shewn :  
The scriptural and divinely ordered plan,  
By which a preached gospel blesses man ;  
The way by which a trembling soul may find  
Relieving peace to soothe the anxious mind,  
To lead it, full of woe, and all distress,  
Upon Immanuel's precious blood to rest ;  
To bring it freed from creeds and forms and fears,  
To Him, who all his people's trouble bears ;  
Plunging the soul in Christ's atoning blood,  
And rising cleans'd, to meet a smiling God.  
WINTER's attentive mind admiring, saw  
The silver streams of sweet salvation flow :

Bow'd down, adoring, while the living word  
Daily brought sinners to his gracious Lord,  
And while the spirit was in showers given,  
His soul imbib'd the influence of heaven.  
With hallowed pleasure, holy Whitefield viewed  
His pupil's mind with kindred zeal imbued;  
Yet with a caution, common to the wise,  
(Who know the fairest prospect often flies,)  
He mildly chid, nor needed counsel spared,  
Yet as a parent, for his student cared.  
Kind care, paternal of a Friend on high,  
Still followed WINTER, and a change drew nigh;  
A voice, the bitter cry of souls in pain,  
Hail'd his attention from beyond the main;  
He heard, and though all earthly ties were riven,  
He flew obedient to the call of heaven!

Go holy youth! may angels guard thee hence,  
And power almighty be thy sure defence.  
Thy feet are leaving, for a work sublime,  
Lamenting kindred, and thy native clime.  
Hasten, a world disconsolate and sad,  
Groans for that grace with which the skies are glad.  
To it!—to it—of pardoning mercy tell,  
Lo! throng'd with myriads are the gates of hell!

These hovering angels, view their dark despair,  
Their shrieks of pitying anguish rend the air;

Oh, if the church, the dormant church would wake,  
And sweet compassion on the dying take,  
Would heaven beseege with interceding breath,  
Could millions thus sink down to endless death?  
Ah, no! where then but on the church's head,  
Is the dire charge of their destruction laid?  
Reply, O Zion! with relenting tears,  
And mourn thy slumbers through unnumber'd years!  
Stand, if thou can'st, before thy Saviour's throne,  
To whom thy vows, and thy neglect are known;  
There own thy guilt, and pardoning love obtain,  
To cleanse the foul, the heaven-amazing stain.

Go, gracious youth! pass o'er the angry flood  
Thy motive, love, and thy Protector, God:  
With thee, thy friend benevolent and kind,  
The friend of Christ, the friend of all mankind:<sup>1</sup>  
His counsels built, his favor cheer'd thy soul,  
And eased thy spirit when with sorrow full;  
Before thee laid his own seraphic course,  
And told thee of that all-exhaustless source,  
Of boundless grace, whence he had drawn the aid,  
To him imparted by the church's Head,  
And bade thee, as ye gazed upon the seas,  
Like him to rise by ever new degrees,

<sup>1</sup> When Winter left England, for Georgia, he was accompanied by Mr. Whitefield, then on his thirteenth and last voyage over the Atlantic; they parted on landing, immediately after which, the latter was removed by sudden death, to his reward.

By vigorous faith, and all resistless prayer,  
The Spirit's fullest influence to share ;  
To teach a world involved in guilt and shame,  
The Lord,—the Saviour's life-imparting name ;  
To stand beneath the cross' sacred shade,  
And preach its doctrines to the lost and dead.  
Thy gloomy spirit kindled as he spoke,  
And light redeeming on thy vision broke ;  
Each day, delicious, far too quickly flew,  
For separation wears a sable hue :  
And thou wer't destined on a stranger's shore,  
To see the best of friends and men, no more.  
More distant still the sphere he had in view,  
When thy sad heart received his last adieu,—  
Thy anxious mind, and tortur'd fancy saw  
The impetuous herald with his Maker's law,  
Proclaim its tidings with his latest breath,  
Then find—while worlds wept—a peaceful death !  
Pure were thy tears—none purer ever flow'd,  
Since gratitude in human bosoms glow'd ;  
While He, from whom no secrets are hid,  
Shed calming mercy on thy sinking head,  
Thine arduous toil with much acceptance blest,  
And on thee threw thy sainted Master's vest !  
The untutor'd minds of those who formed thy charge,  
His sacred influence quickly did enlarge ;  
Their iron wills subdued, and bent their minds  
To see the grandeur of his own designs :

Gave thee all friendless in the pilgrim land,  
Incessant succour from his powerful hand ;  
And by gradations suited to thy case,  
Prepared thee for still larger gifts of grace :  
Taught thee a lesson—saints are slow to learn,  
That not to ask, is special grace to spurn ;  
Thus wer't thou meeten'd for an ample share  
Of honor, n'er denied to fervent prayer.  
Pleas'd and devoted, WINTER lingered here,  
To serve his Saviour, all his aim and care ;  
His charge employed his time, and had his heart,  
His life was blameless—well performed his part.

We find him next upon the toiling wave,  
The field deserted, which his Saviour gave,  
To seek in England—his beloved home,  
A bauble lighter than the briny foam,  
A license from a hand—itself impure,  
To make his calling orthodox and sure !  
But the soft charm of consecrated lawn,  
With strong attraction greater minds has drawn :  
Yet these the boon for which thy friends applied,  
A mitred prelate graciously denied ;  
Indignant muse ! refrain from censure here,  
The deed gave WINTER his appropriate sphere :  
We blame the Bishop—candour can but frown,  
When merit is for plebeian birth kept down ;  
Yet in Dissent his weary soul found rest,  
And by the event its interests were blest.

Henceforth he labors on his native shore,  
And GEORGIA saw the noble youth no more.<sup>1</sup>  
Some heavier trials were needed to prevent  
Imperfect training, and these trials were sent;  
Devoted WINTER, who on raging seas,  
Had calmly met the danger—still in peace :  
Had waited for a flight to worlds unknown,  
And rested safely on his Lord alone,  
Expecting hourly to resign his breath,  
Serenely view'd the fearful vale of death,  
Now thought his own, as 'twas, a painful case,  
And sighed dejected under sore distress.  
A gathering gloom his dubious path o'er spread,  
And former favors seemed for ever fled.  
The friends who smiled, and all his actions blest,  
Who urged him forward, and his soul caress'd,  
Who flocked around him and implored his prayers,  
And seem'd desirous e'en to bear his cares,  
Now coldly frown'd, and sympathy withdrew,  
And like the chiding world unfriendly grew :  
Condemning censure, aimed its deadly thrust,  
And bleating ignorance fill'd him with disgust ;  
Christian in name, but where such fruits appear,  
Well may the sceptic in derision sneer !

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Winter was denied Episcopal ordination which he returned from America to London to obtain, for having been the disciple of George Whitefield ! and for having procured "the bread which perisheth," by honest labour previous to his call to the work of the ministry !



Was he forsaken ? was he wholly left ?  
Of pity, and of hope, was he bereft ?  
Was God unmindful of his hourly prayer,  
Or was he now abandon'd to despair ?  
He was not—gracious Mercy quickly flew,  
And o'er the saint her living radiance threw !  
His grief remov'd, and every cloud dispers'd,  
And all he fear'd in soothing love revers'd ;  
Sharp was the trial, but sweet was the result,  
For sanctified was every pang he felt ;  
His mind with rich experience now was blest,  
And providence with eager joy confest,  
Prepared to spread through all his following years,  
The gospel message to a world in tears !  
See, then, the youthful herald on his way,  
No toils deter—no dangers him dismay ;  
He bears the gospel, and with zeal is clad,  
His soul rejoices, and his heart is glad ;  
His ardent labors meet a large success,  
And sinners sav'd, his faithfulness confess ;  
Thus time roll'd on, and he improvement made,  
Beneath the great SELINA's hallow'd shade.<sup>1</sup>  
'Till, and the period though it lingered, came,  
He found a home, and found the road to fame :  
And gained that charm—that balm of human life,  
That best of blessings which is known—a wife :

<sup>1</sup> The Countess of Huntingdon, under whose auspices Mr. Winter laboured for sometime after his return from Georgia.

Tasted a comfort hitherto unknown,  
The joy of feeling he was not alone !

More years escaped, when God whose sacred plan,  
By slow degrees is taught to sinful man,  
His servant gave a more extensive sphere,  
And favor'd students owned a tutor's care.  
His house they found a scene of constant love,—  
A glowing emblem of the land above ;  
His lips avow'd, and all his actions spoke,  
How sweet to him the Saviour's gentle yoke !  
His upward aim, reprov'd each wish to stay,  
And urged them onwards to perpetual day :  
His deathless zeal they felt their souls inspire,  
His prudence temper'd all their youthful fire.  
Free from those foibles College Dons embrace,  
They grew in knowledge, and they grew in grace ;  
Without its pomp, they gain'd as some of yore,  
A useful portion of sufficient lore ;—  
Were scholars, taught by wisdom's purest light,  
Their faith was genuine, and their lives were bright.  
Thus trained he, for a calling quite sublime,  
Men, made a blessing to the end of time ;  
And gave to BATH that far-famed seat of health,  
In holy JAY, a mint of moral wealth !  
A man whose actions, piety and fame,  
Reflect an honor on the christian name ;

And noble GRIFFIN—now, as monarchs must,—  
A breathless tenant of the silent dust ;<sup>1</sup>  
These are brightest of the little band,  
Yet all but one train'd by his fostering hand,  
Were useful in their lives, and this is plain,  
Were men of God, and did not live in vain.  
Imagination, eager to decry,  
Soars with inquiries to the distant sky ;  
But no ! until the dread decision day,  
Their full success no language can display ;  
Since endless ages must their periods roll,  
E'er we can know the value of one soul.  
Hail ! then, much honor'd servant of our God,  
Lo, grateful thousands on the sacred road !  
They come to taste thy bliss, and with thee share,  
The glory of a land for ever fair.

We leave the scene where rapturous seraphs glow,  
To view again his pilgrim course below :  
Engag'd a pastor—heavenly was his plan,  
His aim in all, the lasting good of man.  
His preaching simple, and his constant scope  
To give to dying men, a living hope,  
To fill their aching bosoms with repose,  
With gospel peace—the balm of mortal woes ;  
To scatter light upon the inquirer's way,  
To woo the apostate who had gone astray,

<sup>1</sup> The late Rev. John Griffin, of Portsea. An interesting life of this worthy man, was published by his sons, 1840.

And by the Saviour's love, to bring constraint  
Upon the mind of sinner, and of saint :  
His wish, to lead to glory and to God,  
His little flock by wisdom's hallow'd road ;  
And as his means permitted to impart  
Those gentle gifts which warm the sufferer's heart,  
Thus of him, those who godliness admire,  
May truly say, as Goldsmith, of his sire,—  
"He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."<sup>1</sup>

As some rich cluster of Autumnal fruit,  
In ripened beauty trembles on the shoot,  
Then yielding to some gentle zephyr's breath  
Sinks to the ground—so WINTER sunk in death.  
Embalming tears attendant mourners gave,  
And wept sincerely o'er his honor'd grave :  
Expectant spirits joined him in his flight,  
And shewed the way which led to worlds of light ;  
He glided swiftly, and his grateful tongue  
Learnt the soft strains his joyful guardians sung.  
Arrived in heaven, before the throne he falls,  
And eyes adoring HIM who bled for souls.  
Adieu, dear saint ! till fellow pilgrims see  
Thy Saviour, and thy blissful home, and thee !

<sup>1</sup> Deserted Village.

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**Memoirs of the Rev. Cornelius Winter, compiled and composed by the Rev. Wm. Jay, first published 1808: is the volume from whence the facts adopted in the foregoing piece have been extracted. It is a volume of sterling value, and thrilling interest, equally worthy of its subject, and also of its excellent author.**

**Sinat.**



## SINAI.

“To these, the Sire Omnipotent unfolds  
The world’s harmonious volume, there to read  
A transcript of himself . . . . .”


AKENSIDE.

Inspired with awe, with reverence and fear,  
Soar, Oh, my muse, beyond thy usual sphere;  
Unto the task thy full resources bring,  
Divine Legation, given for mortals, sing.  
The theme is weighty, and involved in gloom,  
Fallen Earth’s dread duty, and its direful doom,  
Its Maker’s will, requirements made on men,  
A subject worthy of an angel’s pen.  
Then plume thy pinions, take the precious aid .  
Of sacred writ, in humble meekness read :  
There with a solemn fullness is it told,  
For there does God his dreadful name unfold :  
There to the pensive, wonder gazing eye  
Are rent the vestments of the eternal sky ;  
Lo ! thence descending from his high abode,  
The Lord JEHOVAH with the heavenly code !




He brings injunctions to unclouded light,  
The whole is pure, and every precept right ;  
Full pledged for this, perennial justice stood,  
"The law is holy, righteous, just, and good."  
Unerring Wisdom owned the wondrous plan  
Derived from God, and truly fit for man.

Long had the promise given on Eden's ground,  
Cheer'd thousands by its all reviving sound :  
Led by its glimmering beams they found their way,  
In expectation of a brighter day ;  
Believed a Power unseen received their prayer,  
And that they did in special favor share ;  
Fixed on the future, hope's dilated eye,  
As their sure portion when they came to die :  
Their life was simple, and their faith was pure,  
Pride did not ruin, nor did wealth allure  
Their pilgrim feet from that appointed road,  
Which led them to their own, their father's God.  
This state was blest, and yet one more sublime,  
Thrill'd with existence in the womb of Time ;  
Until the awful hour which gave it birth,  
And wholly changed the moral state of earth.  
When faithful to the engagements of his grace,  
God gave deliverance to his favorite race :  
When from the land of ever-drenching dews  
Of thirsty sands, and deities profuse ;  
Of demon slavery, and laws perverse,  
Of royal crime, and every other curse,



He led them, that his mercy they might see,  
Through the o'er-awed, the separated sea,  
And brought them rescued from opposing arms,  
Into a forest pregnant with alarms ;  
Their souls all anxious, and their path unknown,  
Their privilege and their duty theirs alone ;  
They trod the desert, paced the dubious way :  
The cloud of wonder cheered each tedious day ;  
And while pale night involved them in her shroud,  
Sweet safety viewed them from the crimson cloud ;  
'Twas thus they reached the sacred mountain's site  
Where was to end the patriarchal night.  
Here was a pause, an awful pause indeed !  
Now was the time, e'er time began decreed ;  
To give a planet fallen in sin and shame,  
A perfect transcript of its Author's name.  
The occasion meet, the Lord of lords came down,  
Each world ador'd in all the circuit round ;  
The universe above beheld the sight,  
And bowed oppressed with floods of richer light ;  
The glorious guardians of the sun-paved road  
Through which was passing the Creator God,  
Adored in silence, and with rapture saw  
A rebel race receive their Sovereign's law :  
And thus advancing from his high abode  
Immersed in glory, came the gracious God ;  
The way was marked by seas of crimson flame,  
And grandeur clothed the hills o'er which he came ;

Unnumber'd spirits fill'd the glowing air,  
And waited trembling in attendance there ;  
Sweet Morning calmly left the Eastern spheres,  
And sprinkled light upon this vale of tears ;  
Her snowy robe o'er nature's form she threw,  
And with her smiles dismiss'd the silver dew ;  
When bursting on her all admiring eyes  
All heaven appear'd suspended from the skies ;  
While Sina's mount, as wondering planets gazed  
With fires celestial, widen'd as it blazed ;  
Declaiming thunders with distracting sound,  
First roused our world, then sunk to depths profound ;  
And o'er those realms in consternation laid  
Fierce lightnings in incessant fury played ;  
Wrapp'd in a mantle of empurpl'd cloud,  
An angel blew Heaven's trumpet long and loud,  
Its dreadful peals—a death-like terror spread,  
And every soul in solemn sadness clad ;  
The scene on every opening eyelid broke,  
While lurid flashes pierc'd the curling smoke,  
The gathering horrors sunk the crest of time,  
And throbbing earthquakes told terrestrial crime ;  
While angry Justice waved his gory hand,  
Demanding vengeance on the sins of man ;  
Yet man was favor'd—kindling to a glow,  
Mercy smiled sweetly on the vale below,  
Where Israel's thousands gentle safety found,  
And stood unhurt upon the shuddering ground !



Amid their hosts, their sainted leader moved,  
The appointed herald of the Lord he loved :  
His air unearthly, and his lips inspired,  
Their awe-filled spirits with assurance fir'd ;  
Thus while his counsels all their spirits bowed,  
All penitent, they full obedience vow'd ;  
Fear made the stoutest bosom to relent,  
And prayer prepared them for the great event.  
JEHOVAH spoke ! a thousand harps were still,  
While Moses trembling gained the cloud-clad hill ;  
Silent immortals viewed him as he came,  
Unhurt amidst the all-encircling flame :  
His holy frame at every step he took,  
Convulsed with horror, with amazement shook ;  
There calm'd, and with supernal light embraced,  
Yet hid from every eye that scann'd the waste,  
Received with reverence and adoring awe,  
The precepts of the world's perpetual law !

Much honor'd saint ! how noble was thy task !  
A higher, could a man, or angel ask ?  
Contrasted with the glory on thee thrown,  
How mean and sordid is a Caesar's throne !  
His laurels fade—his triumphs mere disgrace,  
The foe of man—a scourge to all his race,  
His garments drench'd with floods of human gore,  
And death, made prevalent where he had power :  
Their rights invaded—they in bondage led,  
And thousands number'd with the sleeping dead,

With dying groans they cursed his bloody name,  
His sole reward some transitory fame !  
Or shall we Alexander's deeds express ?  
Lord of a world he filled with deep distress !  
Fear'd for his fury—hated by mankind,  
Whose subjugation was his chief design ;  
Their dearest interests never touched his heart,  
Nor when destroyed, imposed a transient smart :  
His iron soul, ne'er shed a pitying tear,  
Though millions pined in withering despair ;  
Yet wept, when nations owned his guilty sway,  
And man seem'd made—his mandates to obey :  
He sorrowed ! Why ? because *one* world alone  
Existed to support his crown and throne !  
Poor mortal ! see him yield his trembling breath,  
Made naked by the single hand of death !  
Then unlamented, laid beneath the sod,  
A feast for worms, though once esteemed a god !  
Come for a moment down to modern times,  
Behold another throne set up with crimes !  
View great Napoleon burn with fiendish fire,  
To make all nations dread his royal ire ;  
Dissatisfied, though millions for him die,  
Because not quite supreme beneath the sky ;  
Grim desolation marks his conquering course,  
And humbl'd countries bow before his force :  
Supposed resistless, and by victories won,  
A matchless hero—and Fame's darling son :

Destined by fate—though half the world oppose,  
To plague it at his will with lasting woes ;  
To prosper till the conquests of his arms  
Tortured all Europe with intense alarms :  
Behold him ! who will dare dispute his sway ?  
None ! yet the conqueror's glory shall decay !  
'Tis gone ! on yonder rugged rock he lies  
Subdued by pain, and unattended dies !  
Contrast with these chief heroes of our world,  
So justly from their elevation hurl'd,  
(Fierce fiends—to harass wretched mortals born,  
Doomed to endure their everlasting scorn :)  
With one whose actions bless'd his parent earth,  
Its benefactor from his very birth :  
Whose character and every effort proved,  
How much his Maker and his race he loved ;  
Then with conviction cautious, cool, and calm,  
To moral greatness freely give the palm :  
Pay to a greatness which improves mankind  
The well-won homage of a grateful mind !

Flow free my tears,—my spirit wondering stand,  
That scenes so awful—so sublimely grand  
Should have transpir'd,—yet left but transient pain,  
Nor man's vile love of sin and vice restrain ;  
That while the lingering light of heaven still lay  
In gentle splendour on the mount each day,  
While yet ethereal spirits lingered there,  
And heavenly odours still perfumed the air,

The Hebrew hosts, as though they dar'd defy  
The slumbering vengeance of the riven sky ;  
As if some fiendish spell had made them slight  
The potent prowess of eternal might ;  
As if they would invite perdition's woes,  
And the Almighty King of kings oppose ;  
They sinn'd ! and sprites of darkness hailed the sight,  
Darker—more dreadful than hell's densest night :  
They sinn'd ! sweet mercy spread her wings and left,  
And Israel's tents were of her shield bereft ;  
They sinn'd ! and on them ire eternal frown'd,  
Infuriate horrors tore the heaving ground ;  
They sinn'd ! sore judgments now no longer slept,  
While on their folly, angels look'd and wept.  
They erred ! but, Oh, the world itself has been  
Involved in deadly soul destroying sin !  
That law so truly holy, just and good,  
Man, guilty man, has slighted and withstood,  
The fearful threatenings which its Author gave,  
Pledges of wrath and pain beyond the grave ;  
Its withering curses, filled with flaming ire,  
Censers of fury, charged with trembling fire ;  
Unnumbered evils, grief which ever flows,  
Certain damnation, death and endless woes—  
All wait for guilty man ; he has abused  
His Maker's patience, and his love refus'd !  
Opposed to heaven—behold the rebel stand,  
Omnipotence defied by that frail hand !

Poor feeble worm—poor creature of a day  
 Throw down thy weapons, bow and humbly pray !  
 If worlds more numerous than the stars of light,  
 Were all combined to oppose Jehovah's might,  
 They 'd gain their object with as sure success,  
 As one small atom could a world oppress :  
 God's single nod would be sufficient found,  
 To sink all nature to the abyss profound.  
 He wills !—their bounds ten thousand thunders break,  
 His name, his glory, and his power to speak :  
 He moves ! his footsteps echo<sup>o</sup> through all space,  
 Each sound proclaims his majesty and grace ;  
 He smiles ! the heavens are bath'd in seas of joy,  
 And praise, its countless myriads all employ ;  
 He frowns ! in fear celestial regions see  
 His might preserves them or they'd cease to be.

Immortal man ! can'st thou a struggle wage  
 With such a Being ! wilt thou his arm engage ?  
 That spirit station'd lowest by the throne,  
 Could thee—could earth, annihilate alone :  
 The softest beam of the effulgence there,  
 Could light the final conflagration here ;  
 If HE who holds thy breath, but will it so,  
 One flash from heaven would burn up all below !  
 Pause, then, poor mortal ! in amazement take  
 Some cool reflection, 'twill thy courage shake :  
 Thrice happy if it move thee to apply  
 To Him, whose blood becalm'd the angry sky ;



Constrained by terror, anxious spirit see  
Yonder that sight display'd on Calvery ;  
Lo ! there the eternal Son in anguish dies,  
There read that law you sinfully dispise ;  
His bitter cries, his groans, and trickling blood,  
Plead fully, and effectually with God :  
'Tis Sinai—all its splendours shine again,  
The mountain's glory streams along the plain ;  
Its wondering hosts again to earth descend,  
Adoring God, the suffering sinner's Friend :  
They gaze, till e'en celestial vision's dim,  
And eyes angelic in compassion swim :  
Man, favor'd man ! all Sinai's vengeful fires  
Are now extinguished, for thy Lord expires :  
Its withering flame, and all its crimson glow  
Yield, for the living waters freely flow :  
Its sad and all describeless horrors cease,  
And God appeas'd, smiles in benignant peace ;  
Hence for the vilest—hear it all who live !  
The Saviour reigns, his healing grace to give.  
Jesus obeyed the law, and we must deem  
Its every precept worthy our esteem :  
How can we slight it ? what shall strike the mind,  
What shall the conscience, memory, spirit bind,  
If that escapes attention, which when given  
Brought down the King, and all 'who people Heaven ?  
Its author—God, 'twas revelation pure,  
And till time ends its principles endure !

That comprehensive precept, "Love thy God,"  
Is law on earth, and in his own abode :  
The voice, the gracious voice the gospel speaks,  
Its influence which the throbbing spirit breaks ;  
All that it teaches—all its melting strains,  
Which the glad heart to holiness constrains ;  
All tends to this, to urge the sorrowing soul  
To fly, to heed, without delay, the call,  
That call divine, its substance and its aim,—  
Love, living love unto JEHOVAH's name !

Hark ! songs of triumph swell within the veil,  
Their bliss is rapturous, overflowing, real !  
Have we, immers'd in ignorance, a clue  
To find what prompts within the boundless blue ?  
That thus they join through endless day, to raise  
To God ascriptions of perpetual praise ?  
Yes ! *love is there*, it burns in every breast  
That beats, that thinks, through all the land of rest ;  
Their only law, their motive, all they feel  
Is love, it has been, is, and ever will !

From everlasting, ere was found our earth,  
Or chaos groaned to give creation birth :  
Ere time arose, and flowed in human years,  
Pure harmony fill'd all the heavenly spheres ;  
Seraphic lyres were with affection strung,  
And love divine was all they felt and sung !

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Thus, God, beheld his sovereign pleasure done;  
Millions of ages ere the flaming sun—  
Ere any orb lit up terrestrial scenes,  
The law we have, ruled all celestial beings.  
Man, though a creature of inferior grade,  
Is for the brightest destination made;  
Created, for a while to mourn below,  
Then rise and mid cherubic myriads glow;  
To him the precepts of the laws of heaven,  
Were, in divine, supreme compassion given :  
Their duty and man's differ, but in this,  
That he, serves here, and they, in perfect bliss.

Ere long the day which Zion asks, shall dawn,  
When sin and sin's pollution all withdrawn,  
Creation in Golgotha's waters lav'd,  
Repaired, renewed, and sanctified, and sav'd,  
Inwreath'd in glory's most resplendent rays,  
Shall build one altar flaming with its praise;  
Then Christ, and Him alone, all flesh shall own,  
Each pagan idol, papal god unknown;  
His hallowed name by every tongue confess'd,  
With reverence, and with sacred awe express'd:  
Extatic joy shall hail sabbatic hours,  
While He who gave its rest has all our powers;  
The will parental in its just commands,  
Shall meet with glad observance in all lands:  
The murderous weapon shall be bathed no more  
In human veins, or streams of mortal gore;

Beauty though blooming, shall not kindle fires  
Libidinous, nor prompt impure desires ;  
No hand unjust, impelled by hope of gain,  
For sordid theft, shall need the legal chain ;  
Love of all living burning in each breast,  
A neighbour's wrongs each neighbour will detest ;  
All selfish wishes shall have found a grave,  
Nor men again their friend's possessions crave !

Break, day of wonders ! on our eyelids break !  
Let every language thy rich glories speak :  
Hasten ! creation's groans are heard on high,  
Rush through the yielding portals of the sky,  
With banners of eternal love unfurl'd  
Wav'd o'er, and owned by this rejoicing world.  
Father of all ! Oh, Saviour, most divine !  
To expect the blissful era all incline !  
Appear in glory, and thy Zion build,  
Let every island, every clime be fill'd  
With light and truth, that all who breathe may see,  
Enduring peace is found alone in thee ;  
Back to thyself, revolted Nature bring,  
And let all worlds combin'd thy praises sing !

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Garden  
Thoughts.



## GARDEN THOUGHTS.

“ . . . . Thus was this place  
A happy rural seat of various view.”

MILTON.

'Twas on a fair Autumnal morn,  
A youth in pensive mood, and lorn,  
Into the garden stroll'd to read  
The works of Wisdom there display'd.  
His soaring thoughts to heaven flew,  
His eye ranged o'er the ethereal blue ;  
The exploring orb intense beheld  
Celestial scenes which on it swell'd,  
Mark'd the soft glories richly sweet,  
That here the dazzl'd vision meet,  
The azure robes which clad the way,  
O'er which would pass the king of day ;  
Some lingering clouds their purple gave,  
Fill'd with the main extracted wave,  
To variegate those beauteous scenes,  
Admir'd so much by sinless beings




Who stretch their wings, and hither come,  
On visits from their native home :  
To view with ever new surprise,  
The texture of these lower skies :  
Those curtains woven but to shade  
Still greater wonders God has made :  
Whose works are perfect, and whose power  
Through endless ages they adore !  
Could we on pinions light as these,  
Ascend amidst the solar rays,  
Our optics strengthen'd to survey  
These outworks of the world of day ;  
Those realms unseen by mortal eyes,  
More splendid than the rainbow dyes,  
Fairer than ever poets sung,  
Too much for even a seraph's tongue !  
Our minds, too, needed vigour gain,  
And power imparted, to attain  
Conception of those lessons, given  
By those who walk this lower heaven.  
Admiring wonder would inspire  
Intense, illimitable desire :  
Our spirits glow, our souls expand,  
Freely to learn, to understand,  
All that the language of the spheres  
Could reveal to mortal ears :  
We should ask, and press to tell,  
Those who there for ever dwell,

All they ever knew of this  
Fair abode of solid bliss !  
Would not the sacred strangers there,  
Concede to this our fervent prayer,  
Intelligence so fondly sought  
Of scenes with all that 's lovely fraught ?  
Yes, their immortal lips would pour  
Sublime description of the power,  
The Wisdom, and profound design,  
That form'd those mansions so divine !  
'Till melted with the mighty theme  
They'd join, and celebrate the name  
In songs of extacy and praise,  
The ANCIENT of eternal days !

Oh let me join those dulcet strains,  
Which echo through the sinless plains !  
But no, poor muse ! restrain thy wing,  
Thou can'st not with those spirits sing.  
Yet mourn not, nor indulge thy fears,  
Subdue thy sorrow, dry thy tears :  
Hope for a while, and thou shalt see  
That clime of pure felicity !  
Drink from immortal fountains, led  
By HIM who for thy safety bled ;  
Then,—then ; these seas of sweet delight,  
These oceans of pellucid light !  
This boundless universe of joy,  
For ever shall thy powers employ :

Associate of the angel throng  
Thou shalt understand their song :  
'Till then the ways of truth pursue,  
And ever keep the end in view :  
When thou must end thine earthly tour,  
And go these secrets to explore ;  
Improve thy life, and seek to be  
Fit for immortality !

Blest thought, that such a state awaits  
God's humble and afflicted saints !  
Who shall ere long, obtain release,  
And enter into endless peace ;  
A land with streams of love and joy,  
Where storms can never more annoy ;  
There smiles the garden, God has made,  
There bloom the flowers which never fade ;  
There stands " the Tree of Life " full clad,  
With fruits which make the nations glad ;  
There balmy odours load the air,  
And there are scenes for ever fair !  
There is an end to every care,  
And there unknown is anxious fear ;  
All for which our spirits pant,  
All 'tis possible to want :  
All the immortal mind could crave,  
All it hop'd beyond the grave :  
All that was in promise given,  
All that constitutes a heaven :



A heaven ! the fairest world known !  
Where God has fix'd his glorious throne :  
The pilgrim through this barren wild,  
The humble, affable, and mild ;  
The martyr who with sacred breath,  
Avow'd his Lord, and sunk in death ;  
And millions more, who flew to God  
For mercy through a Saviour's blood,  
Are safely gone, and settl'd there,  
And these delicious blessings share !  
Each hand a palm of victory waves,  
Each lauds the name of HIM who saves ;  
His name who was for mortals slain !  
His name who fell on Calvery's plain !

But, can your gazing on the skies,  
Teach you these solemn mysteries ?  
Can Nature's language ever tell  
The things on which you fondly dwell ?  
Does she in all her ample page,  
With such a pregnant theme engage ?  
No ! another book has given  
Us knowledge of an unseen heaven,  
Another book has shewn the road,  
That leads unto the abode of God !  
*That* volume, precious and divine,  
Enlightens every seeking mind,  
Imparts instruction, and displays  
Those wonders which transcend our praise !

But ah ! neglect'd oft it lies,  
And mortals, its contents despise,  
Seek knowledge every where to find  
With restless and inquiring mind ;  
But Inspiration's lessons treat,  
As if they deem'd the whole a cheat ;  
Talking as dubiously of heaven,  
As if no Bible had been given ;  
And Revelation to deride,  
Choose erring reason for their guide ;  
Prefer its taper beam, and slight  
The Gospel sun of fulgent light ;  
Yet think themselves in safety's road  
While scorning thus the word of God !  
Alas ! 'tis but a while, ere they  
Shall the dread debt of nature pay ;  
Then doubting die, and yield their breath,  
To find their final Teacher Death !  
Too late, alas ! alas, too late,  
They are fix'd in an unchanging state !

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Ode on the Death  
of the  
Rev. John Foster, A. M.



ODE ON THE DEATH  
OF THE  
REV. JOHN FOSTER, A. M.

"How was he honored in the midst of the people in his coming out of the Sanctuary.

He was as the morning star in the midst of a cloud, and as the moon at the full.

As the sun shining upon the Temple of the most High, and as the rainbow giving light in the bright clouds."

BOOK OF WISDOM.

Behold a proclamation given !—  
Another soul has fled,  
A king from kingly state is riven,  
And number'd with the dead.  
Rise mourning nation rise,  
The lament must be loud,  
A royal frame in silence lies,  
And mantl'd in its shroud :  
Grief must be felt, or feign'd by all,  
And gorgeous splendour deck the pall ;  
'Tis wise to laud—and sin to blame—  
An ALFRED'S or a STUART'S name ;  
Quite loyal now to avow remorse—  
O'er a Patriot's or a Tyrant's corse.



Stay for a moment, stay,—  
Some rumour beats the air,  
Fresh tidings for the day ;  
A new demise declare ;  
A titl'd member of the state,  
A legislator grand,  
Has met fallen nature's fate,  
And left his wealth and land :  
His titles, riches, pomp and rank,  
Though to society a blank,  
Demand on Fashion's roll some space  
For sorrowing strains of mere grimace ;  
A Chatham's or a Grafton's bier,  
Must have the sad or joyful tear !

Hark ! thundering o'er the lea  
The cannon's awful roar,  
Pale Death's divine decree  
Is done, and he's no more,  
Whose heart all fear defied,  
And scorn'd the sword to yield—  
Who rushed on victory, and died  
On valour's gory field :  
His wounded body stain'd with blood,  
His spirit gone to meet its God ;  
His widow'd partner, lone and drear,  
His friendless children once so dear—  
Ask sympathy, which men afford  
To victims of the vengeful sword.

His mental labour's o'er,  
At rest the aching brain,  
His books of use no more,  
N'er to be touch'd again ;  
The wonder of his age  
For wisdom most sublime,  
NEWTON, distinguish'd sage,  
Has pass'd the bounds of time :  
Pause for a moment—calmly pause ;  
He taught Philosophy its laws,  
He fathom'd depths, he soar'd on high,  
Explor'd the earth—the vaulted sky,  
And won for all succeeding years  
The laurels which his memory wears.

Low in a lovely glen,  
Upon a rivulet's brink,  
Unknown to all, but men  
Whose business is to think,  
A tuneful poet dwelt,  
Deep penury mark'd his days,  
His soul its pressure felt,  
And plaintive were his lays :  
Engross'd with study—free from strife,  
He spent a hard and painful life ;  
It clos'd—his warbling harp is still,  
Realities his spirit fill ;  
He's gone—but on his grave is seen  
A token that the man has been.

The eye is dim which roll'd  
O'er nature for its views,  
The hand is stiff and cold  
Which gave the canvass hues ;—  
That trac'd with tasteful art,  
Upon the sculptur'd stone,  
The impressions of a heart  
An artist has alone :  
These fruits of Genius still remain ;  
Fame o'er the earth and o'er the main  
Is fixt on Raphael, and the clan  
Taught in his school, and on his plan ;—  
Engraven on the historian's page,  
Still legible from age to age.

Man fondly praises man,  
His virtues to display ;  
Adopt the general plan,  
Give custom ample sway.  
A prince may cease to live,  
A statesman yield his breath,  
The warlike veteran give  
The conflict up in death :  
The sage, for learning's toils renown'd,  
May go " where no device is found ;"  
The tuneful bard may leave his lay,  
The artist fling his works away ;—  
In mortal shades their memories blend,  
Man's usual lot, and common end.

Say, gentle reader, why  
 My pencil may not paint,  
 With approbation high  
 The portrait of a saint!  
 A sketch of FOSTER! bashful Muse,  
 Resume thy wonted ease,  
 Thy draught a Critic may amuse,  
 The effort can't displease :

A full-drawn-likeness of the man I name,  
 The world expects not, nor can any blame;  
 Since though materials in his works are found,  
 And these most splendid, finish'd and profound,  
 Yet the full vigour of his mighty soul  
 Was not evolv'd,—he miss'd his proper goal.

Like most of kindred mould  
 He started in the vale,  
 His early life soon told  
 A simple, artless tale;  
 Prospects of lurid hue  
 Frown'd o'er his tender youth,  
 'Till JESUS form'd anew,  
 This herald of his truth :

Enlighten'd training of a private kind,<sup>1</sup>  
 First gave an impulse to his giant mind;  
 Books lent their aid—instruction did its part,  
 Love warm'd his bosom—grace prepar'd his heart;  
 Prayer sought the blessing with imploring tears,  
 Which mark'd his course through all succeeding years.

Mr. Foster spent the first four years of his clerical life under the tuition of the Rev. Dr. Fawcett.

Much by his people lov'd,—  
 A faithful preacher found ;  
 Useful where'er he mov'd  
 O'er Zion's sacred ground,  
 The expectant saint he fed,  
 Nor in his calling slept,  
 His heart o'er sinners bled,  
 And for their souls he wept :  
 A thoughtful audience listen'd and admir'd,  
 And gave the attention which his theme requir'd ;  
 Yet too abstruse, too massy—too refin'd  
 Were those discourses which portray'd his mind ;  
 This caus'd a failure of enlarg'd success,  
 He thought too much—the thoughtless to impress.

When HERVEY drew his pen  
 To ease his pregnant mind,  
 The address was not to men,  
 Though meant for all mankind ;  
 A lady's favor sought—  
 A lady's smile repaid,  
 A volume fill'd with thought,  
 And mental power display'd.  
 Then when an author, FOSTER first began  
 To give the world a promise of the man,  
 The soft attraction had his passions mov'd,  
 And the first offerings reach'd the hand he lov'd ;—  
 The immortal ESSAYS met her kind caress,—  
 This was enough ! he sent them to the press.<sup>1</sup>

1 The celebrated Essays were addressed to the lady who afterwards became Mrs. Foster.—Mr. Hervey's Meditations were dedicated to a young lady, the object of his affections.

Hark ! thunders of applause,—  
The critics all agree,  
Perfection without flaws  
Deserves celebrity :  
With eagerness it's read,  
The sentence is—'tis good !  
All laud the power display'd,  
By whom it's understood :  
The scholar, preacher, and the sage,  
Dwell with delight upon his page ;  
The grave divine—the laughing wit—  
It equally appear'd to fit ;  
Swift in its course, it quickly gain'd  
The climax which is still retain'd.

An author once admir'd,  
Regardless of the rein  
Feels all his spirit fir'd,  
And dips his pen again :  
Book-making then is all,  
With ardour it's pursued ;  
Approval is a call,  
At least it's so construed :  
Though warm the welcome FOSTER's Essays found,  
Though he was safe on literary ground,  
He calmly read the works of other men,  
Fix'd on their worth, then drew his peerless pen,  
To enrich the ablest journals then received,  
With critiques richly written and conceived.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Contributions from Mr. Foster's pen to the *Eclectic and Edinburgh Reviews*, are now reprinted in 2 vols., edited by that able divine and distinguished scholar, the Rev. Thomas Price, D. D.

The finest sense they show,  
An erudition sound,  
A fancy which could glow,  
A satire which could wound.  
He pierced assumed disguise,  
The sophist's cowl he rent,  
Bade the deserving rise,  
And kind assistance lent.  
No critic more distinctly knew  
What constitutes a good review :  
If authors were not spared, they saw  
'Twas not a novice vain and raw,  
Whose eye perceived, whose pen reveal'd  
Those blemishes from them conceal'd.

In sweet retirement hid,  
The pastoral staff laid by,  
Some precious years thus fled,  
When friends were rous'd to try,  
If warm persuasion could prevail  
His services to gain ;  
Their efforts rais'd the veil,  
And he appear'd again :  
His Lectures were the themes with which he came,  
Those stately pillows of perpetual fame ;  
High was the privilege of the listening throng,  
Who on his lips with fervid rapture hung :  
Valued the gift the churches in them have,  
Now, when the Lecturer lives beyond the grave.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lectures delivered in Bristol, by Mr. Foster, now published in one volume. Edited by J. E. Ryland, Esq.

Congenial spirits glow  
 With sympathetic fire,—  
 They best each other know,  
 And Foster could admire  
 The talents of the sainted HALL,  
 Magnificently grand,  
 That favourite with all,—  
 That honor to the land :

HALL left this world,—his friend his portrait drew,  
 The marble breathes, the symmetry is true ;  
 Each feature just—the original is seen,  
 A master's task it only could have been ;  
 Attachment shed its warmth—it did not blind,  
 We see a mighty, yet a human mind.<sup>1</sup>

Man by the fall became  
 A stranger to his God,  
 The heir of endless shame,  
 Sad traveller on a road  
 O'er which in terror roll  
 Portentous signs of woe,  
 The portion of the graceless soul  
 In lurid realms below :  
 Yet an immortal,—he for ever lives,  
 Such are the statements Revelation gives ;  
 But erring Reason in its fulsome pride,  
 Affects the dread averment to deride ;—  
 Admits that man is guilty, but denies  
 The solemn truths the Book of God supplies.

<sup>1</sup> A sketch of the character of the Rev. Robert Hall, M. A., as a preacher, was written by Mr. Foster, and published in the first volume of the edition of Hall's works, by Dr. Gregory.



Philosophy by FOSTER known,  
Baptiz'd in gospel grace,  
Its proper province kept alone,  
Nor dar'd usurp the place,  
Of inspiration given,  
To shew the appointed way  
Which guides the soul to heaven,—  
To everlasting day :  
His latest, greatest, noblest work affords,  
As strong a proof as can be couch'd in words,  
That when the Eternal spoke he deem'd it meet,  
To bow adoring at his gracious feet,  
To receive the lessons perfect Wisdom taught,  
As all sufficient when in meekness sought.

No critic has denied,  
Its most transcendent worth,  
It has indeed defied  
The acutest minds on earth,  
To lessen its fair fame,  
In judgment free from guile,  
By aught deserving blame,  
In sentiment or style :  
Its thrilling sections must be read,  
It will, as time progresses, lead  
To efforts on a larger scale,  
Vigorous, and too well bas'd to fail,  
To give the "interdicted Tree,"  
To Adam's fallen posterity.

The eagle in his flight  
Disdaining things below,  
Aspiring in his might  
To soar where planets glow ;  
Rejoicing as he sweeps  
Along the liquid air,  
He tempts ethereal steeps  
And is delighted there :  
But though prodigious be his strength,  
His wearied pinion fails at length ;  
His nerveless wings forsake the spheres,  
Oppress'd with toil, and worn with years ;  
Thus FOSTER's spirit bow'd, and sought  
The grave's sweet calm, and truce to thought.

The christian's hope is high,  
His peace without alloy,  
When summon'd to the sky  
To seas of living joy ;  
Conversant with eternity,  
Blessing and richly blest,  
Religion gives him victory,  
And bears him to his rest :  
Such, when his Maker, took his breath,  
Was FOSTER's end—and such his death—  
Alone, but ready—ripen'd—meet  
He could the " King of terrors " greet,  
With welcome—all his work was done,  
And the rich prize of glory won.

Night treads her sable way  
All Nature feels a calm,  
The tenant of each spray,  
Inhales the dropping balm ;  
Peace reigns on all around  
Then high the wild winds blew,  
And to the trembling ground  
A lofty cedar threw :  
The admirer of the forest sees  
The inferior height of other trees,  
And o'er the glade with wistful eye,  
Looks long for one that may supply  
The spacious void, the rent now made  
In sylvan ornament, and shade.

Such was the sad event  
When FOSTER left his place,  
Not merely to Dissent  
But to the human race ;  
His unaffect'd piety,  
Communion with his Lord,  
The deeply-ton'd humility  
With which his soul ador'd !  
If ages were requir'd for MILTON's birth,  
Ages may roll before is seen on earth,  
A second FOSTER, such in full as he—  
For wisdom, judgment, and simplicity :  
Peace to his dust !—his soul in all its might  
In Heaven luxuriates in perpetual light.

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The  
Features of Friendship.



## THE FEATURES OF FRIENDSHIP.

"But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend,  
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.  
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget;  
My early friends—friends of my evil day;  
Friends in my mirth; friends in my misery too;  
Friends given by God in mercy, and in love."

ROBERT POLLOCK.


Mine be the friends what'er their name,  
Though humble and unknown to fame,  
Whose hearts can feel my bosom's grief,  
Whose hands and lips will lend relief;  
Who will not when I'm poor or ill,  
By cold neglect my spirit chill:  
Who will not when I'm absent, blot  
My name with calumny's foul spot:  
Who will not when I ask their aid,  
Be of my honesty afraid:  
Who will not when I with them sit,  
Insult me with intrusive wit:  
Who will not when their food, I eat,  
By congees shift me from my seat:

Who will not when I with them talk,  
By questions oft my converse baulk,  
Or by their inattention show,  
They do not common manners know :  
Who will not when in company  
Reserv'd or silent I would be,  
Perplex me with a lengthy series  
Of trifling and unneeded queries,  
To draw my tongue against my will,  
To talk with neither sense nor skill :  
Who will not when with anguish press'd,  
I heave those sighs which rend the breast,  
Annoyance wantonly impose,  
And thus more aggravate my woes :  
Who will not, for a leave to live  
In their esteem, wish me to give  
More than an hour or two to be  
Relax'd in their society ;  
Nor frown because I gossip hate  
As food to feed a brainless pate :  
Who will not whisper in my presence,  
Nor secretly desire my absence,  
When they have kindly bid me come,  
And bade me welcome to their home :  
Who will not criticise a trifle,  
Nor, if they feel it, anger stifle :  
But leaving malice all its hiss,  
Tell me what I have done amiss ;

Yet patiently, and at their leisure,  
That I may better be for censure ;  
Yet their displeasure still must be  
Conceiv'd for faults which love can see ;  
Not some mere whim or fancy taken,  
Their prejudices to awaken :  
Who will not when I cannot smile,  
Or loiter on with them a mile,  
Think, I must needs feel no affection,  
And that I merit their rejection :  
Who cannot with my failings bear,  
Or petty faults in pity, spare ;  
Reproving but with one design,  
My good, their manner plain and kind ;  
Adopting words that won't offend,  
Yet well adapted to the end :  
Who can forgive, and be forgiven,  
In fear of retributive heaven ;  
And willing with a cordial stroke,  
To lose it in oblivion's smoke :  
Who will not, ('tis of chief moment,)  
Dissemble what they really meant ;  
Before me openly profess  
Much, when their bosoms throb with less ;  
Avowing with a smile insidious,  
Attachment with a faith perfidious ;  
And then discovering in behaviour,  
That they intended me no favour ;



The awkward bungling often made  
To carry on this fulsome trade,  
If it disgusted less, would fire  
My bosom with resentful ire ;  
But such acquaintances, I sever  
From those I wish to keep for ever.  
Who will not ask entire subjection,  
To all which looms with their complexion ;  
Expecting me to see as they  
Or more than common deference pay,  
To notions high in their repute,  
But yet admitting of dispute ;  
'Tis better, so at least, I think,  
To let acquaintance wholly sink,  
Than keep it, with a mind not freed  
From shackles of a doubtful creed.  
Still farther would I wish myself,  
From that injurious—hateful elf,  
Who flatters with deceitful tongue,  
Those actions which he knows are wrong ;  
Hiding with falsehood's sable hue,  
My imperfections from my view.  
I equally at heart resent  
Their conduct, who at once assent  
To all I say, and with me see,  
With wonderful alacrity ;  
Pretending to admire and like,  
Whatever may *my* fancy strike ;




*Such* suit a weak and silly head,  
But are of all most trite and dead,  
Most dull, and likeliest to do  
The mind the evil it must rue.<sup>1</sup>

The *inquisitive* whose curious minds  
Pry fondly into your designs,  
Asking for secrets which involve  
Some problems which you will not solve;  
Exhibit habits they've contracted,  
Enough to make your mind distracted.

The *fretful* too, I truly loathe,  
For spite and venom ever clothe  
Their woeful faces, and prevent  
My heart from finding easy vent :  
With such I ever feel unsafe,  
For when they can so freely chafe,  
'Tis all the evidence I ask  
To make their company a task :  
Such strive in vain to make impression,  
They cannot move the fix'd depression ;  
With which I view a temper shown,  
Religion does not, will not own :  
From such, (and 'tis the safer way,)  
I am better pleas'd to stay away.  
Some *wealthy* folks expect esteem,  
And by their actions really seem

<sup>1</sup> "'Tis a dull and hurtful pleasure to have to do with people who admire us, and approve of all we say."—Dr. Thomas Fuller.

As if they would indeed expect  
For gold's sake only, your respect !  
From such I turn in pure disgust,  
And leave them and their cash to rust :  
Their virtues only from me gain  
Contempt, if they are of them vain :  
Their ignorance would never please,  
Could they the ore of kingdoms seize :  
Some circumstance or manual toil  
Rais'd such above their native soil,  
Their minds were never mov'd or brought  
To exercise the power of thought.  
With such as interests have to serve,  
I find it well to have reserve ;  
They plume you, soon again to have  
The feathers which their goodness gave ;  
Please, but for profit, and retire  
When you *two* generous acts require :  
Friends from this class may be obtain'd,  
But are not safely long retain'd.  
Nor would I much acquaintance make,  
With those who ever are awake  
To self-esteem, expecting you  
To see them wholly perfect too ;  
Avowing with admiring lips,  
Approval even of their trips ;  
And approbation of those deeds  
Which have the use and worth of weeds ;




Love such ! then take your leave of ease,  
 For such an angel could not please :  
 Be much with such agreeable souls,  
 Then fly to some asylum's walls.

Dictation can no better fit  
 Though great may be the speaker's wit ;  
 If forc'd, and frequent, and severe,  
 Dispos'd or not the theme to hear ;  
 Much knowledge may the plan impart,  
 But all the process steels my heart :  
 Dictators of this stamp suit Rome,  
 They are not needed nearer home.

A *slanderer* can have no grace,<sup>1</sup>  
 And is his own deserv'd disgrace ;  
 The converse of this class, I miss,  
 As gladly as a serpent's hiss ;  
 And he has wisdom still to learn  
 Who does not such acquaintance spurn ;  
 They aim at mischief, are perverse,  
 A plague, a pestilence, a curse !  
 Having no character to lose,  
 They trifle with the names of those  
 Whose reputation moves their spleen,  
 Their fault that they have virtuous been !

1 "Slander is a vice impure in its source, dangerous in its effects, general in its influence, irreparable in its consequences : a vice that strikes two mortal blows ; it wounds him who commits it, and him against whom it is committed. It is tolerated in society, only because every one has an inclination to commit it."—SAURIN.


Docility we may commend  
A first-rate virtue in a friend,  
The Pedant thinks, who likes to teach  
All whom his noisy tongue can reach :  
Attainments on a liberal plan  
Make not a smatterer but a man ;  
Yet in *one* science he has found  
An inch or two of vantage ground,  
On this he stands to tell to all,  
The conquest of his reptile soul ;  
One small idea his thoughts engross,  
You have not this,—he paints your loss,  
A second would o'erpower his head ;  
He knows enough—he does not read,  
Your best instructions beat the air,  
'Tis wise, anxiety to spare ;  
His darling theme is first and chief,  
His silence would afford relief :  
But no, whate'er you know beside,  
The pedant will your dullness chide,  
If you have not in full attain'd  
The whim his noble wits have gain'd ;  
Friendship with such must ever be  
A mark of imbecility ;  
Friendship, I mean which has control  
Within the heart, and o'er the soul,  
Prompting to converse of a kind,  
Which elevates the immortal mind.



A word dear reader by the way,  
If you have patience but to stay ;  
A gentle warning which may serve  
Your mind from sorrow to preserve.  
Pause when with much entreaty press'd  
You are bidden with some to be a guest :  
Quite prim, and smiling, and at ease,  
Their high design to fawn and please ;  
Your welcome sure—declar'd as loud  
As if intended for a crowd ;  
Your happiness their only aim,  
Your company their simple claim :  
Pause here ! be grateful, but be cool,  
A lesson this from Wisdom's school ;  
Let Time, that ever certain test  
Weigh in its scales the love profess'd ;  
If real, unfeign'd, and wholly pure,  
'Twill strengthen and your faith insure ;  
But if—(with such the earth is spread,)  
The act is kind, the motive bad,  
Discretion soon will show the cheat,  
And urge you to a quick retreat ;  
But the barb'd arrow's putrid wound  
Still rankling in your breast is found.  
A fiend inflicted this—a friend  
Must give the balm,—your sufferings end :

The exterior of my friend must be  
A model of simplicity ;

Not empty show, and vapid glare  
(A sight I find it hard to bear :)  
Something is wrong, forbidding trust,  
When people round them raise a dust ;  
Affecting much, 'tis plain to see  
They are not, but would wish to be :  
Such can't deceive experienc'd eyes,  
Discerning minds can but despise  
Such childish artifice, to veil  
What nothing really can conceal ;  
Less than he is that man must seem,  
When first I see him—whose esteem  
Is worth possessing—he'll appear  
More precious every rolling year ;  
But worse than useless found ere long,  
Are such as carry on their tongue,  
Genteel abuse, and censure fine  
For all who prudently decline  
To see, and speak, and act as they,  
Submissive to their sovereign sway ;  
No Pope yet ever did exist  
Of all who swell the sable list,  
More despotic, or stain'd with pride  
Than they, though popery they deride ;  
'Tis well for such where'er they live,  
That generous Nature did not give  
In large amount to them—the means  
In rank, in station, wealth, or brains,



To share the fate by tyrants borne  
Eternal infamy and scorn.  
Once more, and here the whole I end,  
Be mine a firm, unchanging friend,  
Whose love is faithful, not a form  
Who chiefly smiles amid the storm ;  
Whose gentle counsels soothe and heal  
When thunders roar, and tempests wail ;  
Who leaves me not, when others go,  
To bear alone oppressive woe ;  
Whose letters when I'm far away,  
Relume like morning's crimson ray ;  
Who tells me thus as much as he  
Would have me tell when bland and free ;  
Who writes, and speaks, and acts sincerely,  
Is not a *friend* from habit merely ;  
But he with whom I'd gladly be,  
One here, and through Eternity !  
*Religion*, then, yes, awful term,  
'Tis this must make the union firm ;  
'Tis this alone which can cement  
Those bonds which never can be rent ;  
Its silver fetters only bind  
For ever any of mankind ;  
All friendships not beneath its sway  
Must perish soon, and melt away ;  
Let those who serve the Lord then, be  
Mine ever, mine eternally !

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—

A Maniac.



## A MANIAC.

"Thus, like a living dream, apart from men,  
From morn to eve he haunts the wood and glen;  
But round him, near him, wheresoe'er he rove,  
A guardian angel tracks him from above!  
Nor harm from flood or fen shall e'er destroy  
The mazy wanderings of the maniac boy."

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Ill-fated Muse! whose frequent theme is pain,  
O'er human woes indulge thy tears again!  
To Brendon's hill in pensive mood retire,<sup>1</sup>  
There wait till grief thy wonted flight inspire;  
For there the traveller's heedless eye surveys  
The wretched object of these plaintive lays;  
Unpitied, unbefriended through the year,  
A Maniac finds a dread existance there!

<sup>1</sup> The unhappy individual who is the subject of this piece, resided in 1843, in the valley of Luxborough, near Brendon hill, Somersetshire. The facts were communicated to the author by a gentleman with whose acquaintance he was favoured while residing, for a short time, in the county.

Nature, in Luxboro's valley smiles beneath,  
And o'er the fields the healthful Zephyrs breathe ;  
The patient peasant silent in his toil,  
Plies hard the culture of the fruitful soil ;  
Peace on her way flings on this rural glade,  
Drops of that joy for which the mind is made ;  
But in the wailings of intense despair,  
The miserable Maniac's voice is there !

Used to a sound, familiar to his ears,  
The neighbouring swain feels no alarming fears ;  
Passes in safety, nor in kindness stays  
To cheer the child of sorrow's dreary days :  
He, stranger to himself, and to his race,  
Perceives no charm in Friendship's soothing face ;  
Alike unmov'd by pity, love, or care,  
The unhappy Maniac cries in anguish there !

Allow'd to rove unfetter'd on the spot,  
Which gave him birth, to be creation's blot ;  
His nerves are braced with vigour, and his life  
Though full of terror—knows no social strife :  
Bless'd with the form, the structure of a man,  
His actions are devoid of aim and plan,  
And quite denied in earthly bliss to share ;  
Poor raving Maniac, still he wanders there !

His case is hopeless—let no walls confine,  
In mind complaints, in solitude we pine !  
For him no gift is asked, nor any good,  
But perfect freedom and sufficient food ;  
A home, a shelter from the wintry blast,  
And leave to ramble through his native waste ;  
These humble favors, may kind Heaven spare,  
While the distracted Maniac lingers there !

Pause as ye journey through these lovely glens,  
Ye who unto your fellow men are friends ;  
His piercing screams of frenzy rend the air,  
Those agonizing peals his state declare !  
'Tis trouble, 'tis the language of distress,  
With generous pity then the victim bless ;  
Let kind compassion pour prevailing prayer  
For the afflicted Maniac suffering there !

Warm'd with a gracious pity for his woes,  
Whose restless spirit never felt repose ;  
Not breath'd in vain, are wishes sent on high,  
Which plead for him the mercy of the sky :  
Restraint, protection from the sovereign power,  
Lest in some dark and all bewilder'd hour,  
Harm should be done no efforts can repair,  
And self destroy'd the Maniac perish there !

Of all the ruins which around us lie,  
No sadder object palls the aching eye ;  
The wreck of mind inflicts the keenest smart  
Upon the feeling—philanthropic heart !  
'Tis light, the pure, the intellectual light,  
Obscur'd and hidden in the gloom of night,  
Heard in the moans, seen in the visual glare  
Of the unconscious Maniac raving there !

That brain, the fatal centre of disease,—  
That anxious bosom destitute of ease ;  
That soul involved in one incessant dream,  
That mind unus'd to thought on every theme,  
Must, in the course of nature find release,  
When all deplor'd effectually shall cease :  
Death, welcome friend to misery's every heir,  
Shall end the struggles of the Maniac there !

No whispers sent us from the dread Unknown,  
Have light upon the solemn subject thrown ;  
But simple hope may chide alarming fears,  
The spirit rises to the heavenly spheres.  
Safe in disposal of the Great Supreme,  
It freely drinks of glory's hallow'd stream ;  
In perfect light, in peerless beauty dress'd,  
No more a Maniac, but with myriads blest !

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## Ode to Death.





## ODE TO DEATH.

“ Oh, death, where is thy sting ” ?

PAUL.

“ Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,  
It is a dread and awful thing to die.”

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Oh Death ! thy lingering stay I chide,  
Come quickly, and my spirit hide  
    Beneath thy sable wing ;  
To me in iron fetters chain'd,  
To me by bitter miseries pain'd,  
    A sweet deliverance bring !

Oh Death ! thou messenger of peace,  
Me, from these stormy scenes release,  
    And let me cease to roam ;  
Bear me beyond this troubl'd flood  
To rest—and to its author—God,  
    My everlasting home !

Oh Death ! most dreaded of our foes,  
Oppress'd with overwhelming woes,

I ask thy friendly aid ;  
In kindness let thy icy hands  
Dissever these encircling bands  
By which my flight is staid.

Oh Death ! when thou hast left thy dart  
Transfix'd within this bursting heart,

For ever from me fly ;  
That led by beckoning spirits o'er  
Those hills of cloud, my soul may soar  
To climes of glory high !

Oh Death ! thy terror ne'er invades  
The space behind celestial shades,

No tears are wept above ;  
But bath'd in purity and joy,  
Eternal ages they employ  
In praise of saving love !

Oh Death ! thy feet have never trod  
Those plains which gird the throne of God,

Nor ever shalt thou see  
That Eden clad in living bloom,—  
O'er spread with universal gloom,  
And fill'd with misery !

Oh Death! thy victims are not few,  
My spirit sickens at the view

They everywhere appear ;  
Thou urgest to the insatiate grave,  
On earth, and on the briny wave,  
Through every rolling year !

Oh Death! the evils which oppress  
Our world, and fill it with distress  
Are agents all of thine,  
To feed with every race and name,  
Thine altar's ever-streaming flame,  
And sacrifice mankind !

Oh Death! when slighted mercy leaves,  
And human aid no more relieves  
A sinner doom'd to die ;  
Thy nameless horrors in the full  
Distract and terrify the soul,  
And on his conscience lie !


Oh Death! we really see thee here,  
Each nerve is tremulous with fear,  
The sight resembles hell ;  
In sad remorse and anguish dire  
He struggles with eternal fire,  
His sufferings who can tell ?

Oh Death! when with a transient frown,  
Thou fetch'st to his blood-bought crown,  
    A man in Jesus sav'd ;  
The softest radiance marks the way,  
That bears him to unfading day,  
    And is with glory pav'd !

Oh Death! celestial optics gaze  
From e'en amid the sapphire blaze,  
    To see a saint expire ;  
With extacy they hear him sigh,  
Behold his fix'd and upward eye  
    Emit immortal fire !

Oh Death! in such a scene as this,  
So full of triumph and of bliss,  
    Thy terrors are unknown ;  
Thy part is but to lift the soul,  
Where oceans of salvation roll  
    Before the burning throne !

Oh Death! the gentle work is done,  
And quickly is thy victory won  
    When innocence must die ;  
Thy frozen fingers softly press  
The gentle spirit into rest,  
    And hide it in the sky !



Oh Death! it did not know the deed,  
By which its lovely form was freed  
    From e'en parental care ;  
Unfit for every place beneath,  
The land where ceaseless odours breathe  
    Their fragrance on the air !

Oh Death! thy ghastly features wear  
Some transient smiles, and on the bier  
    Supporting infant clay,  
A light from founts eternal shed,  
Adorns the precious sleeping dead  
    As though in life it lay !

Oh Death! the act we all forgive,  
This flower in other realms shall live,  
    And fed by purer dews ;  
Shall flourish in a richer soil,  
Where sinless hands angelic toil,  
    Its sweet perfume diffuse !

Oh Death! when robed in dark array,  
Thou callest sinful Age away,  
    Its punishment is sure ;  
With life-dissolving struggles torn  
No more on hope delusive borne,  
    It sinks to rise no more !

Oh Death ! when saints, beneath a load  
Of years, pursue Life's weary road  
And ask removal hence ;  
Grateful to end their faithful course  
They yield, without the least remorse,  
The highest joys of sense !

Oh Death ! the period comes in haste,—  
Charged with the Gospel's final grace,—  
Messiah shall descend !  
The universe shall chant the lay,  
Which ushers in the rapturous day  
On which thy reign shall end !

Oh Death ! from office only fear'd,  
When mortal woes have disappear'd,  
Thee, powerful Spirit blest ;  
Softened in Salem's cleansing flood,  
And harmless 'mong "the sons of God,"  
Thou shalt enjoy their rest !

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Ode to Despair.





## ODE TO DESPAIR.

“Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!  
The voice of woe and wild despair!  
Awake, resound thy latest lay,  
Then sleep in silence ever more”!

BURNS.

Despair! foul demon! ever be  
Far from both my friends and me:  
Depart, lest o'er my trembling soul,  
Billows of distraction roll:  
Turn from me thy ghastly eyes,  
E'er my spirit melt in sighs;  
Every fresh infliction spare,  
Overwhelm me not with care,  
Vanish with thy frightful form,  
Hush the desolating storm;  
Still those life-embittering fears,  
Dry these floods of worm-wood tears;  
Touch me not with that black hand  
Nor before me threatening stand:

Chief Destroyer of all peace !  
From thy murderous practice cease !  
Grand oppressor of the meek !  
Worst tormentor of the sick !  
Even disease obtains from thee  
Its most loathsome misery ;  
Vex'd with thy afflicting frowns  
Tenfold anguish pants in wounds,  
Each riven bosom bleeds in pain,  
In horror sinks and aches again ;  
And all immur'd in rueful woes,  
Finds not a single hour's repose !

Thou saddest of the ills of earth,  
Hast oft in cottages a birth ;  
And even the children of the soil  
Who struggle with life-wasting toil,  
Would calmly bear their bitter fate,  
And all the evils of their state ;  
Would peacefully pursue their way,  
If freed from thy tyrannic sway :  
Yes, gladly take their portion given  
As the appointed will of heaven ;  
But if once visited by thee,  
Past bearing is adversity ;  
They murmur then in sullen mood,  
And curse the task that gains them food ;  
Strangers to every heart-felt joy,  
They writhe beneath once lov'd employ :

Over their lot repine and weep,  
Till in the silent grave they sleep.

Why, in yon asylum's shade,  
Do youth and beauty quickly fade ?  
Why, shudders that convulsive heart,  
Pierc'd by an envenom'd dart ?  
For ever sunken flaming eyes,  
Bright as morning's beauteous skies ;  
For ever clad in gloom a face,  
In which was centred every grace ;  
Wreck'd that frame, and wholly torn,  
Which an angel might have worn ;  
For ever silent that sweet tongue  
Which breath'd what seraphs might have sung ;  
Or muttering in a mournful strain,  
Which fills the listening ear with pain !  
Thou, monster ! thou !—the only cause,  
Thou hast broken Nature's laws ;  
On thee I charge her every grief,  
And thou preventest kind relief !  
Source of all these walls contain,  
Foe of every child of pain ;  
Thou inflicttest all they bear,  
Causer of every gushing tear ;  
Frightful in the vacant stare,  
Rampant in that bosom bare ;  
Beheld in that desponding look,  
Lo ! it every muscle shook ;

It sickens every gazing eye,  
It prompts the ever-rising sigh ;  
Shews earth to be a scene of strife,  
And banishes desire for life !

These are not all, abhorrent foe !  
Which suffer from thee deadly woe ;  
Fiercer evils swell the stream,  
Unhappy in the last extreme ;  
Settl'd on the sickly brain  
Flowing founts of restless pain ;  
Wide as winds in fury sweep,  
Sufferers from thy influence weep !

Hark ! from yonder dismal den,  
Vile abode of guilty men,  
Sounds of awful anguish swell,  
'Tis the dying prisoner's cell !  
Justice has decreed his fate,  
Now to hope it is too late ;  
Now before his sunken eye,  
Death's sable train is passing by ;  
Horrors chill his icy blood,  
On his soul a mountain load ;  
Thrilling cries of desperation,  
Useless vows of reformation ;  
His sad course is fully run,  
The mortal struggle is begun ;

Here, Despair ! thou hast employ,  
Here thou riotest in joy ;  
Underneath thy stroke he dies,  
And cold in death thy victim lies !

Turn, Oh muse ! behold the sea,  
There's another scene for thee :  
See that reeling ship upborne  
By the angry billows torn ;  
Clouds of sulphur clothe the sky,  
Winds of vengeance moan on high ;  
Mighty thunders wrath express,  
Every wave foams in distress :  
Rayless darkness binds the cope,  
Lost is every beam of hope ;  
Drench'd in terror, every mind  
Vainly round each other twine :  
Yet another fearful hour,  
And they sink to rise no more !  
But for ruinous despair,  
Every lip would move in prayer,  
And from Mercy's sacred throne,  
Bring desir'd deliverance down :  
Thou, Despair ! in deeds like these,  
Destroyest more than raging seas.

Hark ! intenser groans are there,  
Sorer sufferings from despair :

'Tis the wretch'd lover's wail !  
Hear his piteous, tearful tale !  
Here, if not on earth beside,  
Sorrow rolls its briny tide :  
Who can estimate in full  
Half *his* bitterness of soul ?  
Does the earth support but he,  
One in perfect misery ?  
Does the universe contain  
One who feels severer pain ?  
No ! but fallen spirits know  
Longer—or intenser woe !

Drop thy wings and sink below,  
To regions of unmingl'd woe,  
Oh muse ! and see in horror there  
The dreadful kingdom of Despair ;  
See him on his ebon throne,  
See his everlasting frown ;  
Hear those lamentations fell,  
The ever-echoing voice of hell ;  
See those spirits weep in blood,  
See them writhe beneath their load !

Tell me ye dwellers in the deep,  
Why ye thus for ever weep ?  
Why your sufferings can't abate ?  
Why ye all exclaim, " Too late ! "

Why this ceaseless sense of shame ?  
Why you curse your Maker's name ?  
Why with abhorrence ever new,  
You keep your dreadful fate in view ?

Ah ! the answer is in this !  
That ye have lost celestial bliss :  
That from you all help is gone,  
That from you sweet hope is flown ;  
That ye feel these woeful pains,  
Bound in never-broken chains ;  
Fly, imagination, fly !  
For shelter to the pitying sky :  
Hasten down, Oh fiend Despair !  
And remain for ever there.

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Miscellaneous  
Poems.



## HEAVEN CONTEMPLATED ON CALVARY.

“ When on Calvary I rest,  
God, in flesh made manifest,  
Shines in my Redeemer's face,  
Full of beauty, truth, and grace ;  
Here I would for ever stay,  
Weep and gaze my soul away ;  
Thou art heaven on earth to me—  
Lovely, mournful Calvary.”

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Sweet was the harp an angel swept,  
While listening spirits heard and wept  
O'er Calvary's sacred plain ;  
The requiem of the Lord they sung,  
While grief their heaving bosoms rung,  
Beneath the melting strain !


The theme that ask'd a seraph's lyre,  
Which now engag'd the mournful choir,  
Had man's indignant scorn ;  
He saw, around the fatal tree  
The great Immanuel's agony,  
With perfect patience borne !

Oh for a power to grasp with thought,  
A theme with hallow'd interest fraught,  
    So awful, so sublime !  
To feel the scene sensations move,  
Of holy wonder, grateful love,  
Beyond the scope of time !

The distant sounds of songs on high  
Allure our souls towards the sky,  
    And tempt ascending flight ;  
These wearied energies declare,  
Refreshment must await them there  
    Upon the fields of light.

Baptiz'd in heaven's profluent wave,  
With vigor through the vast conclave,  
    The unfetter'd spirit flies ;  
Intuitively views its scenes,  
Familiar with superior beings,  
    In joy that never dies !

That land of life, where nought corrodes,  
Shall echo with perpetual odes  
    In the Redeemer's praise ;  
His cross,—so little honor'd here,  
Shall have the chief attention there,  
    Throughout eternal days.



No ingrate heart beats near the throne,  
There, cold indifference is unknown ;—

    The tides of rapture swell :  
Within that city's rubied gates,  
Welcome for every pilgrim waits ;  
    There saints for ever dwell.

“ To be with Christ,” our fancy faints ;  
Imagination poorly paints  
    The Eden of the spheres !  
Devotion pants to rise and see ;  
Hope longs to taste felicity ;  
    Faith's eye is dim with tears !

Struggles which rive the troubl'd soul  
Anticipate our certain fall,  
    Our slumbers in the dust ;  
But wishes of the immortal part  
Bear witness in the expanding heart,  
    Too powerful for distrust.

Of all that bliss for which we pray  
In pure—illimitable day,  
    Beyond the dreary grave ;  
The portion of those happy bands  
In mercy gather'd from all lands,  
    By Him who lives to save !

Each rushing moment bears us on,  
Whither the faithful all are gone,  
Who found renewing grace ;  
Admitted to the final feast,  
Where all—the meanest and the least,  
Behold their Father's face !

May full contempt be fix'd on all,  
Which tends to bind the anxious soul  
To things of earthly mould ;  
Let not the idols of mankind,  
Enslave the pilgrim's soaring mind,  
Its pageantries and gold.

If scripture speaks of endless peace,  
Of real delights which never cease,  
Of crowns which never fade ;  
A house where Zion's children come,  
Their destin'd—their paternal home,  
Mansions no hands have made :—

Let no affections linger here,  
Let faith exterminate each fear  
Which blocks the upward road ;  
We stop too short where'er we wait,  
Below the fair—the sinless state,  
Beneath the mount of God.

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## SIGHS OF A SOLITAIRE.

"Lo, the lilies of the field,  
How their leaves instruction yield!  
Hark to Nature's lesson, given  
By the blessed birds of heaven!  
Every bush and tufted tree  
Warbles sweet philosophy:  
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,  
God provideth for the morrow!"

HEBER.

I feel, but am too sad to sing  
Thy looming beauties, lovely Spring,  
My fingers only sweep  
A harp practis'd in those lays,  
Which purchase for the poet, bays  
The gentle muses keep!

In vain like roses of the sky,  
Thy pearly gems salute the eye,  
In spotless radiance bound;  
I view, but sickening turn away  
And feel as if in dread array,  
Grim terrors throng'd the ground!



In vain o'er dear Devona's lands,  
The vernal angel from his hands  
The spicy fragrance flings ;  
To me, though sweet as heaven's own breath,  
Dull'd by the near approach of death  
It no excitement brings.

In vain the Southern breezes breathe  
Delicious joy on all beneath,  
And fan the fairy scene ;  
Fresh flowers adorn the hill and dale,  
But Oh ! my languid eyelids fail,  
A distance lies between !

With pure impunity to roam,  
And make the balmy fields my home,  
To hear the streamlet sigh ;  
Along the river's banks to stray,  
And nature taste the live-long day  
Beneath a cloudless sky,

Were pleasures once in full possess'd,  
When youthful fervor warm'd my breast,  
But now alas, denied !  
The grave-yard with its lurid gloom,  
The premature and silent tomb  
Are only now descried !

These lengthening days give larger scope  
To suffer pangs from blighted hope,  
    And mourn the captive's chain ;  
No flaming beam of solar light  
Illuminates affliction's night,  
    Or charms a single pain.

Society with well meant smiles,  
Perchance one heavy hour beguiles,  
    And aids me to forget  
Those evils which would else oppress,  
And burden with intense distress,  
    And tears of deep regret.

Sorrow is mine, while all things bloom,  
I must, I will, indulge in gloom :  
    Ye willows o'er me weep !  
Hide me beneath your friendly shade,  
Till silent, I among the dead,  
    Repose in final sleep.

"Hush" ! cried a spirit, "murmuring cease,  
There is a world where all is peace,  
    Beyond the milky way ;  
A fair, an ever vernal clime,  
Unmark'd upon the map of Time,  
    The abode of ceaseless day."

"Child of the dust!" (he further said)  
"If man no habitation had,  
But one of earthly mould,  
His lips untiringly might pour  
Petitions for the welcome hour,  
Of mortal paleness cold.

So wretched then his state below,  
That even annihilation's blow  
Would be preferr'd to birth;  
His fears would swell like winter's floods,  
His hopes small as the opening buds,  
Which deck the barren earth.

His life a mystery, and more,  
A troubl'd sea without a shore,  
By endless tempests torn;  
A dreadful chaos wilder far  
Than that o'er which Light's flaming car,  
Roll'd on creation's morn.

Mind cannot rest without a goal,  
The impulse of the deathless soul  
Prevents inanity;  
Expansive like the power Divine  
Its flight co-equal with the line  
Of vast infinity.

Man, intellectual man, in vain  
Attempts terrestrial good to gain,  
    To calm his fond desires ;  
But every effort fails to give  
Rest to a spirit doom'd to live  
    Amidst immortal fires.

With rich exuberance of grace,  
The Almighty mindful of his case,  
    Has revelation given ;  
To find the truths in it display'd,  
The ancient sage had thought and pray'd,  
    And with existence striven.

By it man's destiny is known ;  
Distracting doubts entirely gone,  
    His eager wishes soar ;  
Taught immortality to prize,  
Taught to anticipate the skies,  
    He lives for evermore.

That volume which immortals deem  
A special gift of the Supreme,  
    Of mercy's pure designing,  
Requires that human life be spent  
For the great end for which 'twas lent,  
    And not in fell repining.

Rise, then, unhappy pilgrim, rise,  
He never moves, who never tries  
    Compassion's sacred Source ;  
Ask for his help who gave thee life,  
Let Hope subdue this mental strife  
    And bless thy future course.

Let all thy lamentations end,  
The Eternal is the gracious friend  
    Of all who seek his love ;  
We ministers of mercy come  
To you from our celestial home,  
    To guide your steps above.

Let gratitude command your tongue,  
Your lips reverberate our song,  
    For nothing grieve, but crime ;  
Earth's lamp is dim, the world recedes,  
And gathering are the final shades  
    Which bring the night of Time !"

On purple wings, far from the grove,  
This herald of supernal love,  
    Soon sped his airy way ;  
While I, my feeble spirit cheer'd,  
More greatly Him who sent him fear'd,  
    And bent me down to pray,

That till my life below should end,  
My days in wisdom I might spend,  
And so prepare to be  
Companion of the angelic throng,  
And sing with them Redemption's song  
Through all eternity!

## MORNING PRAYER.

Before the Eastern fires were kindl'd,  
While the ground was wet with dew,  
While the morning stars were sprinkl'd  
O'er the vast expanse of blue.

Lo! the great Immanuel throwing  
Off the vest of downy sleep,  
And to chilly deserts going,  
There to pray, and there to weep.

Fallen is that careless world  
For the life of which he cries,  
From its proper station hurl'd,  
Alienated from the skies!

Seraphs ask'd Divine permission,  
Then on wings of purple flame,  
On to them the pleasing mission  
Of attendance on Him came.

Silent all but those blest legions,  
Whose eternal task is praise  
In those high and sinless regions,  
Where are heard perpetual lays.

Nature heard his intercession,  
While the throes which rent her breast,  
Told in agoniz'd confession,  
That her sins had banish'd rest.

Jesus, Lord of life and reason !  
When we trace his footsteps there,  
Taught us in the place and season,  
When and where to offer prayer.

Advocate for us in glory !  
Animate our dormant souls,  
And in this we'll imitate thee  
E'er morning glitters on the poles.

Lessons of exhaustless meaning,  
By the deed to those are given,  
Who on their Beloved leaning  
Leave the wilderness for heaven.

---



## EVENING.

"Dost thou not at evening hour,  
Feel some soft and secret power  
Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,  
Leave sweet serenity behind;  
While all disarm'd, the cares of day  
Steal thro' the falling gloom away."

LANGHORNE.

Behold the face of heaven display  
At this calm hour of fading day,  
The power of ONE above;  
Its crimson streaks and golden hue,  
Exhibit in one splendid view  
Effects of boundless love.

Solemn the stillness, soft the light,  
Nature expects the coming night,  
And waits for its repose;  
The toiling peasant on his way,  
Hails with delight the silvery gray,  
For now his labours close.

Trilling their last melodious lays,  
The birds upon the leafy sprays  
    Unwilling to be still ;  
Those tender sounds, so mild, so rare,  
Thus stealing through the dewy air,  
    The ear with music fill.

The wearied beasts glad of release,  
Graze on the fragrant herbs at ease  
    With hunger's racy zest ;  
Still further stretch'd along the plain,  
Where lately waved the golden grain,  
    The fleecy herds find rest.

Yon rustic homestead's hum is hush'd  
Where, when the morn in radiance blush'd,  
    Confusion wav'd his wand ;  
Each implement of toil is laid,  
Each active swain requests the aid  
    Of Sleep's refreshing hand.

Cluster'd around that shepherd's door,  
Their frolics and amusements o'er,  
    Behold those children smile ;  
Their happy parents poor and mean,  
Are honest, peaceable and clean,  
    And bless'd above the vile.

On business bent, or merely for a stroll,  
With care-worn mind, and vacant soul,  
    The tradesman hastes away ;  
Glad for a while to shift the scene,  
To hide it 'neath Oblivion's screen,  
    And end the busy day.

From Zion's consecrated dome,  
Bless'd and to bless his favor'd home,  
    The man of prayer returns ;  
Calm is his mind, his journey sweet,  
His object was the saints to meet ;  
    His heart with favor burns.

Intent on fame, his aim and scope,  
Adown the shades of yonder scope,  
    With measur'd steps and slow ;  
Lo ! lost in thought a tuneful bard,  
His task no murmurings retard ;  
    His mental visions glow.

With fruitless wishes sent on high,  
With whiten'd lips, and sunken eye,  
    And woe no words express ;  
One solitary wanderer strays,  
He weeps, dispairs, resolves, and prays ;—  
    A lover in distress !

For him the Eye has lost her charm,  
Each trembling leaf inspires alarm,  
    Each whisper wounds his ear,  
The form that he adores not seen,  
Deformity shrouds all the scene;  
    Its spots alone appear.

Alone irrational is he,  
Who, surfeited with revelry,  
    Laughs loud in idiot mirth;  
Some serious hue is fix'd on all,  
Except his guilty, graceless soul;  
    But it pollutes the earth.

Those shadows deepen for the night,  
They spread the gloom, they drink the light,  
    And mantle Nature's face;  
Night's tears besprinkl'd on her wings,  
Philomela ascending sings  
    Amid the listening space.

Awaiting mild Cynthia's dawn,  
From men, and from their cares withdrawn,  
    No hour more fit to blend,  
Than that an evening's walk supplies,  
To hold the season e'er it flies,  
    To think upon our end.

Yet many a day as bright as this,  
Without reflection we dismiss ;  
    Nor think how quick it's gone !  
And yet our life will soon be o'er,  
Our eyelids close to ope no more,  
    When months a few have flown !

But shall our feeling then be joy,  
Shall we our latest breath employ  
    In praise or in despair ?  
Ah ! did we weigh this question well,  
It would upon the future tell,—  
    The present not impair ?

If now upon our memory trac'd,  
In lines that cannot be effaced,  
    All that is past is found ;  
Who, to have in its sure record,  
His pardon would not seek the Lord,  
    E'er yet the trumpet sound.

That trumpet's voice ! an angel's breath,  
Shall echo through the realms of death,  
    And all the dead shall hear !  
The worldling, distant thinks that day,  
The saint alone can truly say  
    He expects it without fear !

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## A FAREWELL TO A FRIEND.

"Friendship is composed of a single soul inhabiting a pair of bodies."

ARISTOTLE.

Belov'd companion of a season drear,  
Worthy in friendship's love to share,  
And of my artless strain ;  
Thy kindness—as a theme for praise,  
Shall dwell in memory all my days  
If we nè'er meet again !

Where'er on Albion's happy land,  
The All-directing—sovereign hand  
Shall fix thy habitation ;  
May peace and joy thy mind o'erflow,  
An earthly Paradise below,  
In moral elevation !

To soothe distress,—but never feel  
One evil of the public weal,  
    Except in sympathy ;  
Unto the poor a guardian kind :  
And add in science some design,  
    To bless posterity !

If few thy friends—may they be those,  
Who will not leave thee when with woes  
    Thy spirit is oppress'd ;  
For truly favor'd him I deem,  
Who has the affection and esteem,  
    By gracious acts express'd.

When safely settl'd down in life,  
In some sweet nymph obtain a wife,  
    Wed in the tenderest love ;  
A union form'd in hearts sincere,  
Still firm through every rolling year,  
    And perfected above !

With full content and moderate wealth,  
A family fair, and settled health,  
    Two pilgrims on the road ;  
The way in which the immortal mind,  
Can only satisfaction find,  
    And its best portion—God.

These are the wishes Friendship breathes,  
But if it any mercy leaves  
    That should have been included,  
May it in rich fruition come,  
And in thy bosom find a home,  
    'Till life shall be concluded.

---



## THE ISLANDS OF THE SEA

Far away beyond the flood,  
Inquiring nations read  
The given word of God,  
And for his favour plead.

Far away beyond the flood,  
Repenting Pagans pray,  
And to the Christian's God  
Their adorations pay.

Far away beyond the flood,  
Delighted thousands sing  
The praises of our God ;  
The winds the echo bring.

Far away beyond the flood,  
Devoted converts give  
Their grateful hearts to God,  
And for his glory live.

Far away beyond the flood,  
Cleans'd spirits gladly fly  
Up to the abode of God,  
And to their native sky.

Far away beyond the flood,  
Millions in sin remain  
Beneath the wrath of God,  
And doom'd to endless pain.

Far away beyond the flood,  
Servants of Jesus go,  
And welcome back to God,  
A world involv'd in woe.

Far away beyond the flood,  
A Saviour's love declare,  
And we for you to God,  
Will pour incessant prayer.

---

## PARTING.

The adieus of separation  
Have meaning not express'd,  
In their sad reverberation  
Mind never acquiesc'd.

The final faltering accents  
Which speak the dear farewell,  
Fix on these lingering moments  
The magic of a spell :

The tearful eye, half-hidden,  
Reluctantly surveys,  
Apartments where have slidden  
The happiest of our days.

Held in the soul's embraces,  
Long as we stay beneath,  
Are friendship's sacred traces,  
Nor perish while we breath.

The memory flies control,  
And hails the fading past,  
'Till o'er the sickening soul  
Grief's sable shadows haste.

These gentle drops of anguish  
Express a feeling heart ;  
We look,—we fondly languish,  
And silently depart !

We separate for ever !  
It pains the aching breast,  
We meet again ? no—never—  
But in the land of rest !

No more the tender pressure,  
No more the friendly hand,  
No more in hallow'd pleasure  
Congenial souls expand.

No more the hour of converse,  
The interview so sweet :  
Then let us mourn the reverse,  
And hope again to meet.

Seas may revolve their waters,  
A thousand hills may rise,  
Before affection falters,—  
Before affection dies :

In minds where its pure cement  
Has seal'd unfeigned love,  
Remains the kind attachment,  
Where ever we may rove !

Sigh not distracted spirit,  
Let throbbing sorrow cease,  
In sighing is no merit,  
And it destroys thy peace :

Dread only that sad absence  
Which never knows an end,  
From God's endearing presence,  
Thine ever-faithful Friend.

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MARY AT THE TOMB OF  
LAZARUS.


“ She goeth unto the grave to weep there.”

JOHN xi. 31.

Bleak breezes chill'd her breast  
While prostrate on the sod  
She sought to woo from rest,  
A brother, gone to God.

A sister's sighs entreated,  
But deaf was her despair;  
It sympathy defeated,  
Nor would of comfort hear.

Kind friends, the case condoling,  
Stood by her near the tomb,  
And tried by words condoling,  
Her spirit to relume.



An angel from the spheres  
Paus'd where the fair one lay,  
Then bath'd her with his tears,  
And slowly went his way.

Then came the Lord of glory,  
Her every sorrow fled,  
He heard the painful story,  
And rais'd the sleeping dead.

Thus vain is human favor,  
And even angelic love,  
'Till the Almighty Saviour  
Come to us from above :

When press'd with heavy anguish,  
Beneath a load of woes,  
Our expectations languish,  
Rent with expiring throes!

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## SWEETNESS OF SORROW.

“ Since such are the scenes of this valley of care,  
Since each pleasure is mingled with pain,  
Still let me the raptures of sympathy share,  
And my bosom shall scorn to complain.”

Mrs. ROBINSON.

When torn by separation's throes,  
We are left alone to bear our woes ;  
When those with whom we intercede  
To stay with us, from sight recede ;  
Retiring sad, in pensive mood  
To some lone bower's calm solitude,  
Some sighing dell, or flowery steep,  
'Tis sweet to sorrow there—and weep.

When grief, if seen, would frowns provoke,  
And flowing tears, some senseless joke ;  
When worm-wood agonies o'erpower  
The spirit, and its peace devour ;—  
The life-blood drying in the veins,  
Absorb'd by momentary pains ;  
While deaf'ning blasts in fury sweep  
'Tis sweet to sorrow then—and weep.



When friends we very long have proved,  
Respected—cherished, and lov'd,  
Become indifferent, and show  
They slight affection's silken law,  
Removing from the wakening strife,  
Wearied with all, and tir'd of life ;—  
Alone, the advantages to reap  
'Tis sweet to sorrow then—and weep.

When the adieu which asks the heart  
Is given, and kindred spirits part,  
With swimming brain, and reason fled,  
Each hope denied, or withered,  
To bring again 'neath wisdom's rule,  
The aching,—the bewilder'd soul,  
Our raging woes to hush to sleep,  
'Tis sweet to sorrow then—and weep.

Mid dewy evening's soft repose  
When languid hours their eyelids close,  
The mild serenity around,  
The fields, where echoes not a sound ;  
The mind by soothing smiles allur'd,  
Escapes the anguish it endur'd,  
And finds while all things silence keep  
'Tis sweet to sorrow then—and weep.

When, (and such seasons will appear,)  
No earthly joys our spirits cheer,  
Sources whence comfort once was drawn,  
Exhausted, or no longer known,  
While briny breakers loudly crash  
And billows o'er each other dash  
Upon Life's sea, so rough and deep,  
'Tis sweet to sorrow—and to weep.

When granted mercy warms the breast,  
And, spite of pain, the soul is blest,  
Joy kindling up its balmy flame  
And spreading rapture through the frame,  
Producing feelings full and high,  
The throbbing heart, the tearful eye  
Over a heart too prone to sleep,  
'Tis sweet to sorrow—and to weep.

When, (and the period yet shall dawn,)  
All carping cares for ever flown,  
Faith waiting on the shores of Time,  
Ready to seek a fairer clime ;  
For mercies numberless, and past,  
For happiness to which we haste,  
Peaceful, yet sad, on Life's last steep  
'Tis sweet to sorrow there—and weep !

THE END.

**E R R A T A.**

**Page 66, 17th line from top, for "Cowly" read "Cowley."**

**Page 75, 18th line from top, for "inspire" read "admire."**







